THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States.—Founded August 4, A. D. 1821.

Vol. LV. REED, WICKERSHAM & CO., No. 726 Sansom Street. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1875. $3 00 a Year, in Advance. $3 50 with Mounted Chromo. No. 13.

[ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS IN THE YEAR 1875 BY REED, WICKERSHAM & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS, IN THE OFFICE OF THE LIBRARIAN OF CONGRESS, AT WASHINGTON.

PRAIRIE PRINCE, THE BOY OUTLAW;

OR,

TRAILED TO HIS DOOM.

By Hon. WM. F. CODY,

"BUFFALO BILL."

[This story was commenced last week. Back numbers can be had of all Newsdealers throughout the United States.]

CHAPTER V.

A FATAL MEETING.

Without other adventure, Major Racine and his train arrived in the neighborhood of sentinel outpost, and the fair Daisy, as they camped the last evening of their march only a few miles distant from the fort, congratulated herself upon the termination of her long trip.

As the sun gilded the western horizon, there suddenly rode into the camp a horseman of more than ordinary appearance.

Though apparently not over forty-five, his hair and long beard were rapidly frosting, causing one to think he had passed three score of years; but his form was robust, erect and agile, and his face showed no signs of age, though there dwelt upon it an expression of commingled sadness and suffering, as though he carried a sorrowful heart beneath his hard breast.

The horseman was well mounted on a dark bay, was dressed in a suit of gray homespun, slouch hat and top boots, and was well armed with rifle, pistols and knife.

Riding up to the tent, where Major Racine sat upon a camp stool talking to Daisy, he said, in a cheery voice:

"Good day, comrade; can I claim shelter in your camp until morning?"

The officer sprang to his feet as he heard the voice, turned his quick gaze upon the speaker, and staggered backward as though about to fall.

"Great God! have I sought shelter in the camp of Dudley Racine?" cried the horseman, his eyes burning like coals, and his whole frame trembling.

"You! you here to haunt me?"

"I deemed you dead, dead, dead," almost shrieked the major, his eyes still riveted upon the stranger.

"No, Dudley Racine, I yet live, and after long years you and I have again met——"

"Ho! the guard! Sergeant, send me a file of twelve men! Hold, sir! shoot him down, men, if he attempt to escape," cried Major Racine, in great excitement, his manner alarming the whole camp.

"Coward! do you think I would fly from you? No, no, no! at last we have met—met and——"

"Ho! sergeant, drag yonder traitor from his horse, and bind and gag him immediately, for he is a deserter from the army, and already has been tried and sentenced to be shot."

"You lie in your false throat, Dudley Racine."

"Gag him, I say," yelled the major, and in a moment more Gerold Gilmore was being bound and gagged upon the ground.

"Father, what has he done that you should treat him thus?" said the soft voice of Daisy Racine, while tears dimmed her beautiful eyes.

"Silence, Daisy; go to your tent, and mind you, I will not have this continual meddling into my affairs," and her father spoke in angry tones, and the maiden turned silently away. "Sergeant, this man is a deserter, as I said, and this night, aye, this hour, he shall die. Yonder tree will serve as a scaffold, so have a rope passed over the lower limb, and rig a noose in one end, and be quick about it."

The sergeant saw that his commander was in earnest, and believing the horseman some man who had once deserted from the army, he set about obeying orders, although he could not but think that the major had some private cause also for wishing to carry out the sentence of death which he said had been passed upon him.

Calmly, but with an expression of anguish upon his face, Gerold Gilmore lay bound hand and foot upon the ground, and within his mouth was thrust a wooden gag, that prevented all power of utterance.

Soon all arrangements for the execution were made, and the prisoner's feet being unbound, he walked firmly towards the tree, around which had gathered the entire number of the train.

Apparently having made up his mind that he was to die, and that no mercy for him dwelt in the heart of Major Racine, Gerold Gilmore walked on bravely, his dark eyes glaring boldly into every face, and no sign of fear visible upon his countenance.

Soon the large tree was reached—the larger one of a clump growing upon the banks of a small stream, and through which wound the trail across the prairie.

"Gerold, your unlucky star brought you across my path, and now you must die, for were I to carry you to the outpost, some accident might aid you to escape."

Being gagged, of course the man could make no reply, and Major Racine continued:

"You know, that as a deserter you were sentenced to die, and that when a prisoner, just before the day appointed for your execution, you escaped by taking the life of your sentinel, and that I, your officer, came near being cashiered for allowing you to get away. Now you must die for the double offence of desertion and murder, and in the absence of other authorities, I command that you be hung by the neck until you are dead."

While Major Racine spoke, the emotion of the prisoner was intense; his face became perfectly livid, and every vein swelled out almost to bursting, while his strong frame quivered and trembled fearfully.

At first the soldiers, teamsters and scouts believed the fear of death caused this terrible emotion, but they soon discovered the words of the major awakened some internal emotion in the heart of the condemned man, which was more fearful than the dread of dying.

In vain did Gerold Gilmore strive to speak, and his face grew red with the efforts he made to thrust the wooden gag from his mouth, and the blood spurted from his wrists as he cut them in the endeavor to tear them from bondage.

"In hell's name, why do you wait? Hoist him up, sir!" cried the major, whose face was deadly pale, and his brow black and forbidding.

In an instant the noose was slipped over the neck of the doomed man by the tall sergeant, who coolly obeyed the orders of his commander, and the other end of the line was grasped by a corporal and ten private soldiers, who at a command from their superior, marched off from the tree, gradually tightening the rope, then drawing slowly and steadily, until Gerold Gilmore was raised from his feet into mid air, his body swinging violently to and fro in the mud efforts he made to free himself, his eyes almost bursting from his head, and a stream of blood flowing from his gagged mouth.

"Hold him there, men, until he is dead; then make the rope fast around the trunk of the tree, and I'll leave him hanging there until the buzzards have picked his bones."

Quietly the men obeyed, but, accustomed as they were to bloody scenes and death, they could not but feel that their chief had some secret cause for his hatred to the doomed man; but that they little cared for, and simply obeyed orders with an indifference that was disgusting, when it was their hands that held a fellow being dying in mid air, and one who had never harmed them, or in fact one whom they had never seen before.

Swiftly darkness settled upon the prairie and the woodland, as if anxious to enfold the cloak of night around the horrid spectacle, and swaying in the evening breeze was the dead body of Gerold Gilmore, his white hair and beard waving gently, and his protruding eyes turning their sightless gaze upon the distant camp, where, within the white walls of his tent, sat Dudley Racine, his face buried in his hands, as if to shut out from his very mind the deed he had that night committed.

Through the long night Major Racine sat in deep and painful thought, until ere the east grew gray, he called forth his orders in stentorian tones to get ready for the march to the outpost; and as the rising sun cast a ray of light upon the cold face of Gerold Gilmore, the train moved away from the spot where had occurred the fatal meeting between the dead man and his executioner.

YEARS AGO. (See poem fourth page.)

CHAPTER VI.

PRAIRIE PRINCE ON THE TRAIL.

After having once more struck the trail of the Cheyenne Indian who had robbed him, as a return for the kindness shown him, Prairie Prince moved on rapidly, Greyhound keeping up hour after hour the steady gait that carried him nightly along over the prairie.

Since his leaving the camp of Major Racine, the face of the youth had become very stern, and his mind seemed constantly preoccupied, as if with painful thoughts.

But yet he seemed instinctively to follow the trail before him, and his discovery that the Cheyenne had been joined by friends, and that he was in a hostile country, seemed to have no fears for him, at least there was no sign of dread in his handsome face.

The third night after leaving the military camp, and just after dark, as he approached a small motte where he intended to halt for the night, he suddenly drew rein, for his quick eye had detected the glimmer of a distant light.

"Aha! Greyhound, we have trailed them to their lair at last. Now, old fellow, you must let your feet fall like velvet, and when we get near the timber, I am going to put you on your good behavior, by leaving you lying down on the prairie, while I creep on and take a view."

Thus speaking to his intelligent horse, Prairie Prince rode cautiously forward, the light before him gradually growing brighter, until he arrived within a few hundred feet of the timber.

Dismounting quietly, he spoke to his steed in a low tone, and immediately the faithful animal lay down upon the prairie, after which the youth grasped his rifle, ready for use, and crept cautiously forward until he approached the very edge of the wood, which was a small matter of perhaps two acres in size.

"Aha! my fine fellow; there you are, and you have two more of your stripe with you," muttered Prairie Prince, joyously, as he beheld before him the fugitive Cheyenne and his companions encamped for the night, and busily engaged in cooking their evening meal before a small fire, while their horses grazed near by, and their packs of plunder lay upon the ground at the foot of a large tree.

Undaunted by the numbers against him, Prairie Prince at once set to work to mature his plans, and, after a few moments of deep thought, seemed to arrive upon a conclusion as to his course.

Loosening his pistols and knife ready for use, and with his knife held at a "ready" before him, he then most cautiously approached the party, and never halted until he was within fifty yards of his enemy.

"Those other two Injuns I have nothing against, and yet they are caught in bad company and must suffer for it. But you, my thieving and ungrateful redskin, your minutes are numbered, for if my good rifle does not fail me, I'll start you on a trip to the happy hunting grounds in short order."

While a dangerous foe was thus near them, the three Cheyennes seemed wholly unmindful of danger, for only a few hours longer travel would bring them into their own country, and they believed neither redskin enemy nor paleface dare follow them thus near the home of their people.

So confident were they, that they had not yet stationed one of their number as a sentinel, and it was with a terrible shock of fear that the sharp crack of a rifle broke the stillness of the night, and the ungrateful Cheyenne sunk bleeding to the ground.

In consternation the two remaining Indians sprang to cover, and then endeavored to mount their horses, but another sharp report, and one more Cheyenne had bitten the dust.

With a yell of terror, and a scared war-cry commingling, the remaining warrior threw himself across the steed stolen from Ivan Gilmore, and endeavored to make his escape.

But a shrill whistle rang out through the timber, and, with a loud neigh, the animal became dumb to the urging of his red rider, turned, and galloped towards the elevation from whence the call had come.

Unable to check the speed of his steed, the Cheyenne brave sprang to the ground and attempted to escape by his own exertions; but too late the resolve, for there echoed through the timber the war-cry of the Prairie Prince, who suddenly confronted the flying Indian.

Thus brought to bay, and beholding but one enemy before him, the warrior gave his answering cry of defiance, and rushed upon his paleface foe with uplifted tomahawk.

And nothing loth to meet him was the gallant youth, for he again uttered his prolonged and thrilling warwhoop, well known upon the plains, and rushed towards the brave, firing his revolver once, twice, thrice, as he sped on.

Prairie Prince was a crack shot, and each time his aim was true, and with a death shriek of agony and hatred, his remaining foe fell dead at his feet, just as Greyhound and the steed stolen by the Cheyenne, who had both been trained to come at the whistle call of their young master, dashed up to the spot.

Patting the two animals affectionately, and talking kindly to them for a moment, Prairie Prince then bent over and removed the scalp of his victim, after which he started in search of his two other red trophies, the two horses following him around with the gentleness and affection of a hound.

"And you are caught at last, you red thief!" said Prairie Prince, as he bent over the third Indian he had come to, but the first one he had slain. "Well, you nearly reached your own country—and if I do not get away from here pretty lively I may have my scalp raised," he added, rather hastily.

And quickly securing his trio of scalps to his saddle, he soon packed the Indian horses with the stolen plunder, and in half an hour after was rapidly crossing the prairie upon his return to the valley settlement, perfectly delighted at the success of his daring undertaking, and conning over in his thoughts how pleased his father would be at the bold deed of his son—for a word of approval from his beloved parent was more to the Prairie Prince than all the praise of the settlers and scouts on the border.

CHAPTER VII.

A FEARFUL DISCOVERY.

Pushing his tired animals to their utmost, Prairie Prince traveled swiftly homeward, ever on the alert to watch the approach of an enemy who might wrest from him his dearly earned prize.

Feeling assured that his trail would be crossed and at once followed by some roving band, the youth gave his steeds little rest, and well for him was it that they were of iron endurance, for otherwise they would have broken down under the strain upon them.

Once or twice Prairie Prince discovered a distant band of Comanche braves, but making his cavalcade lie down in the grass, he thus escaped notice, and after the danger was over he would again press on with renewed vigor, until one of the Indian horses broke down, and his pack of stolen plunder was at once transferred to the backs of the other animals.

At length, after days of hard travel, the brave youth and his equine followers approached a small motte to encamp for the remainder of the night, for it was then getting on towards the small hours.

Joyously congratulating himself that his greatest dangers were passed, and that another night and day would see him in his humble cabin-home in the valley, the youth rode on at the head of his line of pack steeds, and was hastening to get into camp in the motte ere the rain fell, for the heavens were black with storm-clouds, and the wind swept howling across the prairie, and sighed mournfully through the timber.

Darker and darker grew the night until Prairie Prince could scarcely see his hand before him in the gloom.

Suddenly Greyhound halted, and snorted loudly.

"On! on! old boy, for I don't think you smell an Injun here, as we are most too near the outpost for danger," urged the youth.

But still the horse refused to go, and convinced that there was some lurking evil ahead, Prairie Prince dismounted, brought his rifle round for use, left his frightened animal standing in the trail, and cautiously advanced on foot.

Slowly he moved forward, his ears and eyes strained to hear or see any sound right before him.

Presently a sickening odor was wafted to him on the wind, and, apparently relieved, he muttered:

"It is some dead Injun. Why Greyhound, you are getting fastidious, old fellow."

Returning to his steed he again mounted him and urged him forward.

But with loud snorts the animal refused to advance, until in anger his master punished him with whip and spur.

Then, in a frenzy of pain and fright, the animal sprang forward, and the next moment Prairie Prince was dashed violently against a heavy object that nearly unseated him from his saddle.

With an iron hand he reined Greyhound back, put forth his hand, and it touched the cold face of the dead.

A cry of horror escaped from the youth as he gave the horse the rein and let him bound forward, and for a moment he was unnerved, but quickly recovering himself, he muttered:

"Poor old horse! No wonder you feared to go forward. But, come, we will soon find a camp, and then I'll see about yonder dead man, for he is no Indian, for I distinctly felt his beard, and he was not hung by redskins either, for that is not their style."

Apparently once more himself, Prairie Prince dismounted, and seeking the shelter of a thick group of trees, he soon had his horses unsaddled and staked out, a fair shelter erected for himself and baggage, and a small fire burning.

Then he seized a torch and moved forward quickly towards the spot where he had received such a shock.

Soon he approached a large tree, and weirdly swinging to and fro was the form of a human being.

The flickering light of the burning brand cast fantastic shadows all around, and the wind howled mournfully through the trees, while the air was filled with the sickening odor of decaying flesh.

But Prairie Prince knew no fear, and, nerved to his work, he lay down the burning piece of wood, and stepping to the trunk of the tree, untied the rope around it, and gently lowered the hanging body.

Soon it rested upon the ground, the torchlight fell full upon the blackened face and tall form, and with a cry of mortal agony, Ivan Gilmore, the Prairie Prince, tottered forward and fell as though dead across the decomposing form of his father, the only one in the wide world whom he really loved.

In spite of the swollen and blackened face, the wide-opened, gag-filled mouth, and starting, staring eyes, the youth recognized the form of his father, and the shock of that startling and sudden recognition set the blood rushing in torrents to head and heart, until, with that terrible cry, consciousness fled from him, and he fell prone upon the ground, where he lay like one whose lamp of life had given out with that shriek of despairing agony.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE OATH OF VENGEANCE.

For nearly an hour the Prairie Prince lay in a deep swoon, across the dead form of his father, and even his strong nature found it hard to rally beneath the terrible shock that had so suddenly prostrated him, at a time when his ambition was soaring on golden wing, and his thoughts were joyous in thinking how proudly he would be greeted by his loving parent.

At length the storm-clouds burst forth in torrents, and a deluge of water fell upon the prairie, until this cold rain falling upon the youth revived him, and brought him again to consciousness.

With weary manner he arose to his feet in the darkness, for the fire-brand had gone out, and all was darkness around him, except the glimmer of his camp-fire a few hundred feet distant.

All around him was gloom, and it was some moments ere he seemed to fully recall the sad blow that had struck him down in grief. Then it flashed upon him in all its terrible truth, and a bitter groan of agony escaped his lips.

Around him the winds howled mournfully through the trees, the thunder rolled forth a deep base to the dirge, and the rain pattered down dismally upon the prairie sward, and into the dead, upturned face of Gerold Gilmore.

Long stood the youth in mournful silence, and then, as if having made up his mind as to his course, he raised the form of his father in his strong arms, and bore it toward the distant camp-fire.

Depositing his sacred body near the fire, he threw on some wood, and soon had a blazing pile, which brightly illuminated the face of the dead.

As his eyes fell upon the terrible sight, he dropped upon his knees before the body, and raising both hands towards heaven, he cried, in a voice wrung with deepest feeling of hatred and agony,

"So help me, God! I mean to avenge this crime against you, my dearly-loved father. Some vile creatures have done this awful deed, and I swear that night and day will I devote to tracking them to their doom, and every hand who aided in this accursed murder shall have its pulses stilled by my taking his life. No Indian has done the deed, but those whose faces are like my own! but, were they bound to me by kindred ties, they should die for this deed their hands have wrought! Yes, sleeping and waking, my dreams and thoughts shall be of revenge, and never will I rest until those who murdered you, my poor father, have fallen before my deadly hatred! Yes, I swear it, by all that is holy, and by the body of you, my only friend and father!"

Bending low down, the lonely and sorrowing youth pressed his lips to the forehead, and then, appearing more calm, arose and set to work with his hatchet and knife, to dig a grave.

An hour's work, and a shallow grave was dug, but one sufficiently large to contain the body, and into this Prairie Prince consigned the mortal remains of his father, unmindful of the pouring rain that beat unmercifully down upon him.

At length a mound was made above the body, and the youth said an humble prayer as he knelt beside it. Arising to his feet, his face was suddenly lighted up by a ray of moonlight that arose through the clouds, and glancing around him he observed that the storm was breaking away.

Sadly and swiftly, and with no thought of his own fatigue, he saddled his horses, and with one long glance upon the new-made grave, rode swiftly away, followed by his pack-horse.

Neither halting for rest or food, he pressed on until at length the valley was before him, and wan and pale he drew rein before his cabin home.

Old Hiram and Nancy came forward to meet him with joy upon their faces, and the settlers crowded around him; but, unheeding their words, he told them of his sad discovery, and learned how his father had started forth in search of him.

"It was to save me from harm, he left his home, and in my behalf he lost his life! O, God, this is terrible!" cried the almost heart-broken youth, and rushing into the cabin he threw himself upon his bed in a perfect agony of grief.

Weeks passed away ere Prairie Prince arose from that couch, for his overworked brain and form gave way, and a severe fever set in, and long he raved in delirium, in which he would repeat over and over again the oath he had made beside the dead body of his father.

After long suffering he once more regained his health, but his joyous manner had gone, and he seemed ever brooding over his loss. Through his illness old Hiram, Nancy and the neighbors had nursed him most tenderly, and when he recovered they did all in their power to cheer him; but day after day he spent his time in rifle and pistol practice, and in training Greyhound and the steed the Cheyenne had stolen, to greater perfection.

At length, after having carefully rubbed up his arms, filled his pouch with ammunition and his haversack with provisions, he bade his old family servants to have a care over the cabin and farm, and, unheeding their remonstrances, mounted Greyhound and rode away from the valley, none knowing whither he was going, but all confident that he had made up his mind to seek out those who had so cruelly slain his father.

That he would visit upon the murderers a terrible vengeance, all in the valley felt assured, and one and all prayed that no evil might befall the brave and noble youth.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DICTIONARIES.

The following list is given of sound old dictionaries: The earliest dictionary of which any record remains is one in the Chinese language, compiled by Paotentshe, about B. C. 1100. Marcus Terencus-Varro, who flourished B. C. 1163, was one of the first classic authors who turned his attention to lexicography; but the most celebrated dictionary of antiquity is the Onomasticon of Julius Pollux, which was completed early in the third century. The earliest Latin dictionary of modern times was published by John Balbi, of Genoa, in 1460; but that of Calepio, published in 1502, is much superior. Sebastian Munster's Chaldee Dictionary appeared in 1527; Pagnini's Lexicon of the Hebrew language in 1529; Robert Stephen's Thesaurus in 1535; Arpenius's Arabic Dictionary, 1612; Shinder's Lexicon Pantagiottum in 1612; Edmund Castell's Lexicon Heptaglotton in 1669; and Phillip's New World of Words in 1658. Moreri published his Biographical, Historical, and Geographical Dictionary in 1673; Elisha Cole's English Dictionary appeared in 1677, and Bayley's Historical and Critical Dictionary of the French Academy in 1694. Dr. Johnson's English Dictionary was completed in 1755; Walker's Dictionary appeared in 1791, and Francis Grose's Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue in 1785. This list might be largely increased, and one name should at least be added, that of Webster, whose large dictionary, begun in 1807, was first published in 1828.

THE LADIES' SCULLS.

BY WALTER A. ROSE.

Muskquoge, which had the honor of being my birthplace, is a pretty little village that nestles upon the shores of one of the numerous inlets which are to be found on the Long Island coast, upon the Sound side.

It is a very conservative place even to this day, for its inhabitants are confined to two classes only, and the line of demarkation is very tightly drawn. There are the gentry, who own fine houses and broad demesnes that have been handed down from father to son for many generations and there are the fishermen and their families who have also inherited their calling. The store-keepers and others were regarded as hybrids, and were only tolerated, not recognized, by either of the hereditary clans.

My childhood I spent at Muskquoge, very much as other children spend theirs when their homes are contingent to an arm of the sea. I was a perpetual source of anxiety to my brother, as I had an unfortunate habit of being brought home half-drowned about twice a year, and of great annoyance to the minister, whose orchard I used to persistently raid upon in the autumn. My boyhood was spent at a distant boarding-school, with the exception of home visits during the holidays. My early manhood was wasted at college, wasted in an educational sense, I mean, for during my career at Y—— I managed to become tolerably proficient in several accomplishments, such as rowing, boxing, smoking and raising Cain—not that from which saccharine matter is expressed, but a kind which must have had an acidity about it, for it made the president of the college very bitter against me, and finally resulted in my expulsion from Y——'s classic shades.

My father died during my collegiate career, and, when I returned under a cloud to Muskquoge, it was with the determination to reform and aid my mother, whose only child I was, in the management of her estate.

Muskquoge was noted for miles around for being the possessor of more attractive girls than any place in that section of Long Island, and the fame was not undeserved, for certainly almost every eligible girl in our clan was not only decidedly "nice," but many of them had more substantial attractions than handsome faces.

My maternal ancestor, peace to her manes, having wedded young herself, and won a prize in the lottery of life, was very naturally an ardent believer in the efficacy of early marriages. She thought young people ought to settle down, and upheld her hands in holy horror when anyone hinted that young men should "see a little of life" before they assumed the most responsible position in it.

So the good old lady set her dear heart upon my taking a bride, and from our neighbor's dove-cote she selected such a number of beauties to whom she affirmed she would like to see me wedded before she died, that, if I had espoused them all, I should have cast Brigham Young into the shade as a polygamist.

I was instinctively very fond of the society of young ladies, and, as I was not a Satyr in features, or an Abernethy in manners, and was possessed of a fair income and excellent expectations, they did not look upon me with disfavor. As a general thing, I am conceited enough to believe that I was a favorite with the fair sex in Muskquoge.

The love of boating which had been engrafted in me during early boyhood germinated while I was at college, and I confess I was incipiently insane upon the subject of aquatics when I returned to Muskquoge. The adolescenti of that village became inoculated with the boating disease when I gave them glowing accounts of inter-collegiate regattas, of victories hardly lost and dearly won, and the oft-repeated story of my victory over Roahr of H——, when I won the champion sculls, was soon a good deal more familiar in the mouths of the youth of Muskquoge than all the household words that had been handed down to them through many generations.

We started a rowing club, of which I was installed president by acclamation, the liberal-minded fathers of some of our associates became honorary members and sent in liberal subscriptions, and the young ladies of the village presented us with a silken banner, upon which was tastefully embroidered "Argonaut," surmounted by a worked scroll containing, in gold letters, the motto of our club, "*Or et amour.*" A deputation from the club visited New York and purchased a tolerably expensive outfit, including a second-hand eight-oared barge, built by Searle on the Thames, and knocked about for three seasons by the "Harpies" on the Harlem, two six-oared racing sculls, nearly new, a couple of cedar-built pair-oared wherries, and no less than five twenty-four-foot working-boats just out of the hands of the builder. Three of these last were purchased by private members for their individual use.

There was not an active member of our club who was not well-skilled in the use of an oar—what boys bred by the seaside would not be? But the boats my companions had been used to pulling were very different craft to the gossamer affairs purchased by the club. I was a king for awhile, for I was a college oar, and knew all the mysteries and advantages of a sliding-seat, a quick stroke or a long, sweeping, steady one, as occasion demanded, the shallow dip, the clean feather, and the spurt at the most opportune moment.

But I soon found that I had to keep in constant practice, if not absolute training, to retain my throne, for many of the Argonauts were muscular, and it did not take them long to become accustomed to the light boats. As soon as all hands were tolerably efficient, the club determined to have a grand regatta, followed, of course, by a ball and supper on the most extravagant and aristocratic scale, in the school-house, the only building available. Due preparations were made, and, for weeks before the event was to come off, the Grand Regatta was the one sole topic of conversation in Muskquoge.

It was during those few weeks that I first became really susceptible to the blandishments of lovely woman. Being an Argonaut, I suppose, had something to do with it, for two sweet syrens enraptured me with the melodious cadences that fell from their kiss-tempting lips, and though I might have known my danger, from the manner in which they manipulated the ivory keys of the piano, I became enchanted by the spell of song they wove around me. It is a bad thing to be in love and in training for a boat race at the same time, as biceps and stamina will deteriorate when indigestion exhibits itself. I recognized this fact, and went to my mother.

I told her that at length I had determined upon obliging her, by taking unto myself a wife, but that I really could not tell which of the two young ladies I was "spoons" on I loved the most—I would abide her decision. If she said lead Helen Fawcett, the blonde, blue-eyed beauty, to Hymen's altar, I would obey; if she desired me to wed the dark-eyed houri, Etta Curtis, her will should be my law. (It never entered into either my calculations or my mother's that the young ladies had any voice in the matter at all.)

My mother, dear old soul, was overjoyed, but she could not help me in my dilemma. If I praised Helen's beauty and attributes, she said, "Yes; it would be such a comfort to her to have a daughter like Helen;" if I extolled Etta's virtues, she declared it had always been the wish of her heart to see me married to a girl like her. In my perplexity I tossed a quarter-dollar in the air to decide my fate. Etta was represented by Columbia, and she came right side up on the carpet. At that moment it flashed upon me that after all I thought Helen suited my fancy best; but I resolved to abide by the decision of the silver piece.

I rigged myself out in my most elaborate boating costume, and sought the bonny brunette I intended to make my bride. She was a charming girl, was Etta, and she looked especially bewitching that autumn morning as she stood in her father's orchard with the sunbeams glinting upon her through the foliage. I poured into her attentive ear a passionate appeal, I grew eloquent for a man who had been living upon nothing but raw eggs and underdone beef for a fortnight, and I anxiously awaited an answer.

I knew Etta too well to suppose that she would grow excited, faint, cry or do anything so foolish; but, I confess, it did strike me that she was slightly too impassive; she seemed to accept my declaration of undying devotion as if she was accustomed to receive fifty of them every day between meals. She was pensive only one moment after I concluded my set speech. Then she raised her lustrous eyes and regarded me intently.

"Charlie," she said, in a melo-dramatic tone entirely unusual to her, "the man who wins my hand must be a hero. Win the Ladies' Sculls on the seventh, and I will be your wife."

"I will do so or drown in the attempt," I replied, unconsciously imitating her. Then I kissed her; but, as I had often done that before, I did not feel all that bliss which I presume the first kiss of love imparts to most men.

The eventful day came at last. Our club-house and landing-stage were gorgeous with bunting and every one was in the highest spirits, for the day, the ladies, and the attire of the latter were all equally beautiful. I was certain of winning the Ladies' Sculls, a pretty badge presented by the maidens of Muskquoge for competitors, as I was in excellent condition, and had made a mile in better time than Sam Martin, the only man out of the four entered for the race who I deemed a foeman worthy of my blades.

Etta was standing with a number of other girls on the landing-stage as I seated myself in the fragile paper shell I had ordered expressly for the occasion. As I settled my feet in the steering-gear—the creek was narrow and we used rudders—she came forward.

"Remember what depends upon your victory, sir, and do not prove a laggard. Here are my colors, I will place them in the stern, so that they may inspire you to conquer," she said.

She stooped and stuck the shaft of a tiny flag, of the same color as her dress, through the canvas covering of my boat. It was an act easy of accomplishment, but I remarked that it took her some time and that one of her hands was wet when she had performed her task. The race was in my hands I felt sure, and yet at that moment I would not have cared if I had lost it, if I could still have retained prestige as King of the Club, for the fact was I had seen a good deal of Helen Fawcett since my semi-engagement to Etta, and I was half inclined to mentally admit that I had made a mistake, or the quarter-dollar had, and that I really loved the blonde beauty while I merely entertained feelings of the highest regard for the young lady to whom I had proposed marriage.

I paddled into the middle of the creek and got into line with my three opponents. The word was given and we started, or rather the other fellows did, for I could not drag my boat through the water at any respectable rate of speed at all, though I strained so vigorously that I snapped a scull and had to lie-to until a dingy came to my assistance and towed me to the landing just as a volley of cheers proclaimed Sam Martin winner of the prize. Mortified beyond expression, I was determined to ascertain the primal cause of the disaster that had befallen me. Thinking weeds might have caught in the rudder, I raised the stern of my boat out of the water. No vegetable matter was there at all, but loosely hanging between the sternpost and the rudder was a lady's pocket-handkerchief. The truth flashed upon me in a moment. My cheeks burning with passion, I was about to proclaim the trick that had been played upon me, when I felt a tiny hand laid gently on my arm. Etta was beside me.

"Hush, Charlie," she said, softly. "I did it for both our sakes. It was better for you to lose that race than we should both be made unhappy for life. You love Helen Fawcett, both your manner and your mother, who is clearer sighted than you think, have told me so. Helen is my bosom friend and *confidante*; you can have her hand for the asking; but I would not allow her to put you to such a test I did, Charlie, as you told me the other day a man in love stands little chance of doing anything else severely well."

Who could be angry with such an angel in petticoats? I couldn't; I freely forgave her, and asked her pardon for my conceit and selfishness, and the dear girl was Helen's bridesmaid when soon after I became a Benedict.

The most trifling actions that affect a man's credit are to be regarded. The sound of a hammer at five in the morning, or nine at night, heard by a creditor, makes him easy six months longer: but if he sees you at a billiard-table, or hears your voice at a tavern, when you should be at work, he sends for his money the next day; demands it before he can receive it in a lump.

A CENTENNIAL ROMANCE.

BY MRS. H. M. CROOK.

It may not be inopportune just now, when patriotism is so rife in the hearts of our enthusiastic countrymen, to submit a little sketch of centennial romance, which found room, budded and blossomed, in the heart of one of Massachusetts' earliest governors, proving, no matter how full and earnest may be the purpose that inspires the heart and life of the most zealous, the "tiny god" can ever find room to set up his banner, on which is transcribed, in letters of light, *Veni, vidi, vici.*

William Bradford, who became second governor of Massachusetts after the melancholy death of Governor Carver (who soon slept by the side of his wife and only child), was born at Austerfield, Yorkshire England, March, 1588. His father and mother died when he was quite young. He was tenderly cared for by his grand-parents, and subsequently by an uncle. His family were among the yeomanry of England, and very respectable. He was reared to agriculture. When quite young he assumed the care of his own landed estates, and enjoyed his occupation in cultivating and beautifying them; and, though much of his time he was busy with his men in the field, he still found opportunity to be quite a student.

He became proficient in the Latin, Greek and Hebrew languages, and was familiar with the German and French, which he spoke fluently. He had embraced the faith of the Puritans, and at seventeen years of age was one of the company who made an effort to escape to Holland in search of religious liberty, but was unsuccessful, having been betrayed, and was for a season confined in prison at Boston, Lincolnshire (from which the city of Boston received its name).

But though religion and other momentous subjects claimed his attention and seemed to engross all his mind, there was one, less grave, but not less potent, that permeated his whole being, and gave to his life a halo of brightness. Love had taken possession of the heart of young Bradford; and, often when he seemed most engrossed in his books, the golden curls and soft blue eyes of Alice Carpenter were all he saw. His lands joined to her father's, and they had been playmates and companions in childhood, he being but a few years her senior. As time passed rapidly away, and she grew into womanhood, her sunny curls turning to a soft chestnut brown, she only became to the earnest, honest heart of William Bradford more dear and more beautiful; and yet he said nothing to her of the deep and earnest passion which he never forgot, even in his sleep, till one evening in autumn they had been enjoying a long and pleasant conversation, leaning over the hedge that divided their lands, when Alice told him she was soon to go to London to reside with a relative. This was a very sad announcement to him.

The Carpenter family had in former times received the title of knighthood, but they were comparatively poor, and William determined to know his fate, and asked Alice of her haughty old father, hoping his own worth and broad lands might induce the father to accept him as a suitable match for his portionless daughter. But he was mistaken. He had never before had occasion to fathom the pride of the strange old man. His religious belief alone would have been a sufficient barrier had there been no other, and he was haughtily dismissed.

There was a last sad meeting of the lovers across the hedge that night, and the moon looked down on two heavy hearts and two tearful faces as they both turned to their homes, the one to wet the pillow with her tears, the other to walk his room in bitter repinings at the fate which seemed to be setting on his life in clouds and thick darkness, forgetting for the time to listen to the still, small voice which was whispering, "Come unto me, all ye that are heavily laden, and I will give you rest."

Alice was hurried off to London, and, after a few years, was married to Mr. Southworth, a man of wealth and honor. Mr. Bradford sought alleviation from his disappointment in his books and farm, and subsequently married Dorothy May, a woman of his own rank and persuasion, who proved a genial and faithful companion.

After a few years we find them abandoning their pleasant home, for he was one of the first advocates for the removal of the little band of Puritans to America; and next we see them upon the tempestuous ocean, in the cabin of the Mayflower. After arriving in Cape Cod harbor, Mr. Bradford set out with a small party to explore the coast, and, on returning, was pained and afflicted to find that during his absence his wife, Dorothy, had fallen from the ship and was drowned. He deeply mourned her loss, for she had proven a good wife, and they were mutually attached.

He bore this second disappointment of his life with Christian fortitude. He had no leisure to sit and brood over his grief, for life with him was now a warfare with cold and hunger, for he shared in all that the colonists suffered. It is well known to any child of history how they struggled with disease and savage enemies.

Mr. Bradford was now over thirty years of age, a man of rare piety and dignity of manner; and a few months after their arrival, Governor Carver, dying, he was elected Governor of the little colony, a position which he ably filled for more than thirty years. And while with fatherly care he tenderly watched all the interests of the little colony, there was a blank in his household, and none knew better than himself how he realized the need of woman's ready sympathy, and he was often annoyed at his inability to keep his thoughts from wandering across the "deep blue sea." The love he had cherished for Alice had never died out of his heart. True, it had been sleeping, and while the husband of another had never wished himself other than he was; but now they were both free—for Alice, too, was left alone—he often said to himself, "I wonder if she remembers the love of her youth; and even if she did, would she not think it too great a sacrifice to share his fortunes in the wilderness."

Men are not like women, and will not wait a lifetime without knowing their fate when it can be decided by a single word. So he resolved to write and ask Alice, and in the spring of 1628 the letter was sent across the Atlantic. He faithfully set before her all the privations and sacrifices she would be called upon to endure, saying as an equivalent for this that he had only the love of an honest heart to offer her, and requested her, if she thought favorably of this proposal, to take passage in the first ship that would sail for America, as he was too occupied to come over to England for her, fearing the colony might suffer during his absence.

Time, always so heavy-footed to the waiting, passed slowly to the governor; but late in August a tiny sail was seen in the distance. It was the ship that contained so much of interest to many, but none waited with such breathless anxiety as did Governor Bradford, for it was to contain Alice or her letter of refusal. The whole town crowded to the landing, and when the vessel reached the shore many went on board, and the governor passed from one to another of the new-comers, telling them how welcome they were; but a close observer would have seen that the restless wandering of his eye were indications that something was unsatisfying. *She* was nowhere to be seen, as he tried to say calmly, "It is God's will, and I will try and be happy without her; there will at least be a letter for me." He turned and asked for one, when he met coming from the cabin a matronly-looking woman. He seemed to have forgotten that while time was hastening him to maturity, that Alice, too, might be changed; he had always kept her in mind as the fair, frail girl of many years ago, and here she was, the beautiful, stately woman. She, too, probably, had her surprise, for the two stood looking at each other, when "William!" "Alice!" were uttered simultaneously, and the two, so long kept assunder, met, never to be parted by man's decree again. They were married at once. There was no display, but that without which all outward show is but as "sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal," the joy of two faithful hearts. They lived long and happily together; thirty-four years longer did he prosperously guide the affairs of the colony, then died; his wife surviving him several years. She was well educated, refined, and much beloved, and did much in assisting her husband in the improvement of the rising generation, and was sincerely lamented when she died.

ORIGIN OF NAMES OF STATES.

Delaware—In honor of Thomas West (Lord de-la-Ware), who visited the bay, and died here in 1610.

Maryland—After Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I of England.

Virginia—So called in honor of Queen Elizabeth, the "Virgin Queen," in whose reign Sir Walter Raleigh made the first attempt to colonize that region.

North and South Carolina—Were originally in one tract called "Carolana," after Charles IX of France, 1504. Subsequently, 1565, the name was altered to Carolina.

Georgia—So called in honor of George II of England, who established a colony in that region in 1732.

Florida—Ponce de Leon, who discovered this portion of North America, in 1519, named it Florida in commemoration of the day he landed there, which was the *pasquas de flores* of the Spaniards, or "Feast of Flowers," otherwise known as Easter Sunday.

Alabama—Formerly a portion of Mississippi Territory; was admitted into the Union in 1819. The name is of Indian origin, signifying "Here we rest."

Mississippi—Formerly a portion of the province of Louisiana. So named in 1800 from the great river on the western line. The term is of Indian origin, meaning "Father of Waters."

Louisiana—From Louis XIV, King of France, who for sometime prior to 1763 owned the territory.

Arkansas—From "Kansas," the Indian word "smoky water," with the French prefix "arc," bow.

Tennessee—Indian name for "The river of the big bend," i. e., the Mississippi, its western boundary.

Kentucky—Indian name for "At the head of the river."

Ohio—From the Indian, signifying "beautiful." Previously applied to the river which traverses a great part of its borders.

Michigan—Previously applied to the lake, the Indian name for a fish-weir, so called from the fancied resemblance of the lake to a fish-trap.

Indiana—So called in 1802 from the American Indians.

Illinois—From the Indian word "illini," men, and the French suffix "ois," together signifying "tribe of men."

Wisconsin—Indian term of a "wild, rushing channel."

Missouri—Named in 1821 from the great branch of the Mississippi which flows through it. Indian term meaning "muddy."

Iowa—From the Indian, signifying "the drowsy ones."

Minnesota—Indian name for "cloudy water."

California—The name given by Cortes, the discoverer of that region. He probably obtained it from an old Spanish romance, in which an imaginary island of that name is described as abounding in gold.

Oregon—According to some, from the Indian "oregon," "river of the West." Others consider it derived from "oreganoo," wild marjoram, which grows abundantly on the Pacific coast.

Maine—So called from the province of Maine, in France, in compliment to Queen Henrietta, of England, who, it has been said, owned that province.

New Hampshire—Named by John Mason, in 1639 (who, with another, obtained the grant from the crown), from Hampshire county, in England. The former name of the domain was Laconia.

Vermont—From the French *verd mont*, or green mountain, indicative of the mountainous nature of the State. The name was first officially recognized January 16th, 1777.

Massachusetts—Indian name signifying "the country about the great hills."

Rhode Island—This name was adopted in 1674 from the Island of Rhodes, in the Mediterranean, because of its fancied resemblance to that island.

Connecticut—This is the English orthography of the Indian word Qoun-ch-ta-cut, which signifies "long river."

New York—Named by the Duke of York, under color of title given by the English crown in 1664.

New Jersey—So called in honor of Sir George Carteret, who was governor of the Island of Jersey, in the British Channel.

Pennsylvania—From William Penn, the founder of the new colony, meaning "Penn's wood."

POSTSCRIPTS.

A coral parasol handle of one solid piece of coral artistically carved in images and cupids, is an exquisite novelty that only the wealthy can enjoy. Its value is only $800.

The latest social hobby is "Autumnal Leaf Parties," which is the name chosen by those who gregariously go forth to Fairmount for the purpose of gathering the brilliant-hued leaves that are showered about by the fall breezes. Then they come home and send for foot-tubs and mustard.

A lady leaving one of the summer resort hotels, last week, was charged for an entire toilet set, only one piece of which she had broken. She paid the bill, and, pleading the excuse of having forgotten something, returned to the room and broke each and every article of the set for which she had paid. And some people say women are not clever!

Tidies is a new fashion in the world elegant. It is to have your furniture—chairs, sofas, and ottomans—stuffed with aromatic herbs. Carriages are made fragrant in the same way. Fancy a sofa stuffed with lavender and scented grasses, with a pillow of poppies, or a chair in which, when you sit, the fragrance of crushed rose leaves would float about you.

The latest in note paper and envelopes is unique. The form is a Continental hat in miniature, or, to be more explicit and lucid, an old-fashioned New England bun. The paper is heavy, and, like Joseph's coat, of many colors. You have your monogram in the upper left hand corner, and your autograph *vis-a-vis*. You put it in the envelope of the same form, and then sit down and wonder where the place is for the postage stamp.

England's Paper Money.—Bank of England notes are never re-issued, but when paid in for gold are at once canceled. They are then preserved for seven years, so that inquiries relative to forgeries or frauds on which the notes may throw light may be answered. The stock of paid notes for seven years numbers 94,000,000, and fills 18,000 boxes, which if placed side by side would reach three miles. Pile the notes on the other, and the pile would be eight miles long. Join them end to end, and you will have a ribbon 15,000 miles long. Finally, their value was over $15,000,000,000, and their weight more than 112 tons.

Story of a Wedding-ring.—That miserable and insignificant nonentity, the bridegroom is, of course, of no account whatever during the wedding ceremony. Nobody looks at him, nobody thinks of him. There are no tears for his immolation, no smelling bottles for his agitation. He is for the time a black-coated back ground to a picture of radiant beauty. What is he that he should interrupt with his nervousness the even course of the ceremony which fixes his fate forever? No censure, therefore, can be too harsh for the wretched man who, being married the other day, put the wedding-ring into his mouth when the wedding began, that he might find it at the proper moment. That moment arrived. The minister winked for the ring. The trembling bridegroom gave an obedient start, a sudden gulp—and the ring had disappeared down his unlucky throat!

PRUNING SHRUBBERY.

There is, perhaps, no subject in horticulture so little understood by amateurs as pruning. The gardener when he prunes trees and shrubs, does it for the purpose of regulating the crop of fruit or flowers. Besides forming the shape of the subject he operates upon, he has learned to form a limb or branch where they are wanted; also to check the growth so that it will conform to whatever space it may be convenient to confine it. This the amateur may easily learn, if he will but try. Of course he will have to make himself perfectly familiar with the different varieties of shrubs, and their seasons of flowering and habits of growth. All shrubs do not grow alike, as, for instance, the Azaleas, Daphnes, Rhododendron and Pœony, Mountain or Shrubbery Pœony; these are slow growing shrubs, and seldom require any pruning, just sufficient to keep them in shape. If a person, ignorant of the characteristics of these plants, should undertake to prune them the same as we prune Altheas, why the natural consequence would be total loss of bloom. There are different opinions as to the proper time for pruning. It has been settled as a fixed fact that early in February or March is the best time; but facts are not always correct, although they are said to be stubborn things. Some varieties do not flower until late in the season, such as the Rose of Sharon and some of the Spireas. These may be pruned any time early in spring, as they produce their flowers on wood of the same season's growth. If these shoots are pruned at the usual season, when all other pruning is done, the crop of flowers is diminished in proportion to the amount of wood taken away. This applies to most of the shrubs which bloom early, and particularly to the Syringa Persica, or Persian Lilacs; these produce their flowers on the extreme ends of the wood of last year's growth. If these are cut off the flowers are lost for that season. Our practice has been, of late years, to let all the early blooming shrubs flower, and immediately after to prune them; by adopting this course we have a full crop of flowers, and there is plenty of time to make flowering wood the balance of the season. Some varieties of shrubs are very straggling in their habits of growth, as the Forsythia, Cydonia, Japonica and Philadelphus Inodorus—these require very close pruning to keep them in proper shape. The double flowering Almond is another of the shrubs that ought never to be pruned until it is done blooming. Pruning for modifying the form of the shrub embraces the management of the plant from the first year of its growth. If it is attended to at this period, it is a very simple matter to have beautifully shaped plants. For small grounds, shrubs are more suitable than trees, on account of the beauty of their different colored flowers and the ease with which they may be kept within bounds. As an article for hedges, to divide different portions of the garden, we would recommend the Cydonia Japonica, Wiegelia and Spirea Reevesii. Deutzia Scabra grows quite high, and makes a capital hedge. They are easily kept in shape by the judicious use of the pruning shears.

A SONG OF THE EARLY AUTUMN.

BY R. W. G.

When in late summer the streams run yellow,
Burst the bridges and spread into bays;
When berries are black and peaches are mellow,
And hills are hidden by rainy haze;

When the golden-rod is golden still,
But the heart of the sunflower is browner and sadder;
When the corn is in stacks on the slope of the hill,
And over the path glides the striped adder.

When butterflies flutter from clover to thicket,
Or wave their wings on the drooping leaf,
When the breeze comes shrill with the call of the cricket—
Grasshopper's rasp, and rustle of sheaf.

When high in the field the fern leaves wrinkle,
And brown is the grass where the mowers have mown,
When low in the meadow the cow-bells tinkle,
And brooklets crinkle o'er stock and stone.

When heavy and hollow the robin's whistle,
And thick lies the shade in the heat of noon;
When the air is white with the down o' the thistle,
And the sky is red with the harvest moon;

O then be cheery, young Robert and Mary:
Let no time slip—not a moment wait!
If the fiddle would play it must stop its tuning,
And they who would marry must be done with their mooning;
Mind well the cattle, let the churn go rattle,
And pile the wood by the barn-yard gate!

—Scribner for October.

THE ROMANCE OF AUGUSTUS AND AMANDA.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

The very first time Augustus Browne saw Amanda McPherson, he fell in love with her.

He was decidedly of a romantic turn of mind. So was she. Both of them read every novel they could lay hands on, and consequently they looked at matters and things through romantic eyes. And their acquaintance began in such a romantic fashion, that it was at once lifted out of the region of ordinary acquaintance, and seemed invested with a peculiar air of romance.

It happened in this wise: Augustus was going down the street one morning, when he chanced to look across the way and saw a young lady crossing. She was looking towards him, and so intent was she in observing whatever it was that had attracted her attention—Augustus fondly hoped and believed that it was himself—that she did not see or hear the carriage that was near her, and whose driver was screaming and gesticulating for her to get out of the way of his prancing, high-spirited horses. Augustus smelt romance in the air. He plunged toward her, regardless of the polish on his patent leathers, and the mud in the street, and dragged her away just in time to save her from an awful fate, he confidently believed. And for the sake of the romance she believed so, too.

Miss Amanda's nerves were completely unstrung by the affair, and Augustus had to accompany her home. Her mother was another Amanda, a score of years older, and viewed the matter in the light of a very delightful adventure, exactly as she had read about them in books, and declared that an acquaintance which had been begun in that way, ought not to be thought of in the light ordinary acquaintances are. Fate, she was sure, had the matter in hand, and intended the adventure should lead to something.

Amanda was rather pretty after a certain negative fashion. Her features were regular, but were almost too pale to be described as "sparkling." There wasn't much expression to speak of to her face. She lacked a good deal of energy. But then—Augustus argued—what need was there for much energy? Her pa was rich, and so was his pa. She was inclined to make a hero of him, and he was perfectly willing to be made a hero of. For some unaccountable reason, the young ladies he knew had never made a favorite of him. It was pleasant to know that one young woman thought him all that was manly in man, and so he resolved to devote himself wholly and unreservedly to her.

But there was an obstacle in the course of their true love. Pa McPherson was inclined to disfavor the idea from the first. He always was contrary, Amanda told Augustus one day. He liked to be. He came out in strong terms in condemnation of the assistance Mrs. McPherson was giving to the "foolish idea of a couple of young fools." That was the way he put it. Mrs. McPherson cried gently behind her last novel, and Amanda, when she heard of it from ma, wept behind her pocket handkerchief. He didn't want "'Mandy to make a fool of herself by gettin' a man that hadn't any more *snap* to him than she had," he declared. "He knew Augustus hadn't any get-up to him. For that reason he didn't want 'Mandy to think he was going to consent to such a foolish idea as that of taking Augustus for a son-in-law, for he wouldn't have him. He'd out her off with a shilling, if she persisted in her silly scheme, and married him."

Of course "'Mandy" pleaded for her poor Augustus, but Pa McPherson was obstinate.

Mrs. McPherson declared that it was "just like stories she had read," and gave it as her opinion that it "would all turn out right in the end." Viewed in the "romantic" aspect of the case, it gave an added zest to the affair to both Augustus and his beloved, and I am sure both of them enjoyed it thoroughly, though they tried to feel miserable, as is becoming for persons in such circumstance and yellow-covered novels to feel.

Augustus saw Amanda often. Ma McPherson took time, between novels, to arrange a meeting for them every now and then. If the interviews could have been stolen, moon-lit ones, they would have been much more enjoyable. As it was, they enjoyed those Ma McPherson brought about in the back parlor, when Pa McPherson was down town, very much, indeed.

"I'll tell you what it is, 'Mandy," said her mother, one day, "Your pa's going to take me to the theatre to-night, and you can ask Augustus to come and stay a couple of hours if you see him."

"I will," answered Amanda, and went shopping forthwith.

In the course of her peregrinations she happened to come across dear Augustus, and made him radiantly happy by a few whispered words.

"Be sure you don't come before pa's gone," she said, warningly.

"I won't," answered Augustus.

Augustus didn't put in an appearance before pa went away, but he did two minutes after. Amanda welcomed him with great delight. She hadn't seen him since that forenoon.

"We're all alone," said Amanda, as she sat close to Augustus' side on the sofa, and suffered him to hold her hand. "Every one of the servants have gone away. Isn't this nice?"

"It is," responded Augustus, feelingly, squeezing her hand. "Dear Amanda."

"My own Augustus!"

Amanda's eyes flashed the love she could not utter, but Augustus couldn't see it, for the reason that there wasn't any light in the room. It was so much more romantic to sit in the twilight, Amanda said, which it seems to me, was exercising the imagination a good deal, as it had been dark for two hours.

"Hark!" exclaimed Augustus. "I thought I heard steps in the hall."

"It's a burglar, like enough," whispered Amanda, clinging closer to Augustus, who felt shivery at the idea.

"Hadn't we better go and see?" he asked, with some hesitation.

"I'm afraid!" answered Amanda. "He might kill you, Augustus! And then what would there be left for me to live for?"

"We can just go to the door, and look into the hall," suggested Augustus, who had come to the conclusion, by this time, that the burglar was nothing more than a cat, and consequently felt much bolder.

So he advanced cautiously to the door, with Amanda clinging to him.

"Don't be alarmed, dearest," he whispered, reassuringly. "I will die before harm shall come to you."

"But it's you I am afraid for," said Amanda. "You are so rash! so brave!"

He opened the parlor door, and they peered out.

"There is some one in the house," whispered Amanda, trembling. "I hear him. And, oh, Augustus, see there! He's coming out of the library. Don't you see a light?"

Augustus did see the light, and a second afterwards the man who carried. He came out of the library, and stopped to listen.

Neither Augustus nor Amanda dared to breathe until he turned and glided up the hall.

"Dear me! I never was so frightened in all my life," whispered Amanda. "He'll kill us, I know he will."

"Hush!" said Augustus, warningly. "He's coming back."

"Do come in and lock the door," urged Amanda.

"Wait," said Augustus, who was so frightened that he didn't know what he was saying.

The man came in sight again; he chanced to spy a door opening off the hall, and opened it cautiously, and then stepped inside the room to which it belonged.

Augustus knew just what kind of a room it was, because Pa McPherson had come home one day unexpectedly, when he was visiting Amanda, and he had had just time enough to slip into this room to avoid getting caught by the obstinate old gentleman. It had been used as a sort of safe for plate, or other valuables, and had no window. It's only communication with any part of the house was this door through which the burglar had just entered.

"We've got him," whispered Augustus, in a tragic whisper; and in a twinkling he dashed down the hall, banged the heavy door together, and had the bolt slipped into its socket before the man inside knew what had happened.

"Oh, Augustus, if he should get out!" cried Amanda. "He'd be sure to murder us now."

"But he can't get out," answered Augustus. "This door is solid oak, and there isn't any other way for him to escape at. You needn't make such a fuss in there," as the man inside began cursing and threatening. "You've got your match this time, and you'll get what you deserve."

Augustus was very brave now.

"What will we do with him?" asked Amanda.

"We'll have to keep him here till your father comes," answered Augustus. "Your father ought to relent now, Amanda. No one knows what this burglar might have done if it hadn't been for me."

"Of course not!" cried Amanda, with intense admiration in her tone. "You are a real hero, dear Augustus. I always knew you were brave."

The man began kicking and storming again. Just then they heard the carriage, and pretty soon Pa and Ma McPherson came in.

"Oh, pa!" cried Amanda, the instant they appeared; "that brave Augustus is here, and he's captured a burglar!"

"A fiddlestick!" exclaimed Pa McPherson, wrathfully. "A likely story! He'd be afraid of a mouse."

"But it's a true story," said Augustus, beginning to feel about as much afraid of Amanda's father, as he had been of the burglar. "He's here in this closet."

Pa McPherson listened.

"You *have* got a man in there," he declared. "I swear, young man, if it should happen to be a burglar, you've done a big thing. I left ten thousand dollars in bonds in my desk, and he'd have been sure to come across 'em."

"Oh, pa!" cried Amanda, "you won't object to dear Augustus coming to see me any more, will you?"

"Not if it's a burglar," answered the old gentleman. "If it should be—and just as like's not it ain't—I'll let him have you."

"Oh, Augustus!" cried Amanda, in raptures, "ain't it nice?"

"It's just like stories I've read," said Ma McPherson. "Just exactly."

Pa McPherson went in search of officers. For a wonder he found one. They succeeded in inducing the burglar to surrender without resistance.

"Why, this is the very fellow I've been after ever so long," said the officer in charge. "You've done well, young man."

"He was so brave!" cried Amanda, who half believed she could see a sort of halo around her dear Augustus' head. "He never stopped to think of the danger, but rushed right into it. It fairly makes me faint to think of it."

Amanda had to cling to Augustus for support.

Well the result was that Pa McPherson was as good as his word, and gave Augustus Amanda, to which he added his blessing.

And Ma McPherson kissed them both, and called Augustus her dear, brave son, and wept softly for the space of one minute and a half, as is customary in novels.

Of course Augustus and Amanda were happy after that.

And it was *so* romantic!

A HOUSE OF MANY GABLES.

ENGLAND'S COSY CENTENNIAL BUILDING.

Nestling cosily in a cluster of stately chestnut trees at the foot of George's Hill is one of the oddest of the many old buildings that within the last few months have been erected on the Centennial grounds. The trees are so high, and the foliage is so thick, that when this building is approached from the east by the uncomfortable cinder walks that lead to the grove nothing but its roof and its five tall chimneys can be seen. But the pedestrian who will risk his patience and his boots on the rough walks will be amply repaid when he reaches the beautiful shade, and wanders, as he may, unheeded, under the trees, where the hand of the workman has not changed the natural beauty of the park. A short walk under the trees, however, leads to the wall of this singular building, within which a dozen or more carpenters are at work, and on the roof of which several more are nailing the shingles. This is the first of the British Government's twin buildings erected by a foreign government on the Centennial grounds. It is a two-story cottage, and its size is not at all commensurate with the size and power of the country by which it was put up. As it stands among the trees in a spot so darkened by the shade that the workmen almost have to use lanterns when they want to drive a nail, it has an air of British poetry and English romance spread all over it and through it. If some of the old-time novelists had wanted to describe a robbers' den, or a pretty maiden's cottage, or even a ghostly haunted house, they could not have found a more appropriate place than this very British building in the park. It is almost a house with seven gables; and no matter where you stand, or from what angle you look, one of the gables is always staring you in the face—not with an impudent stare, but with an easy, comfortable look, that carries with it an invitation to come in and welcome. But the oddest of all the odd things about this remarkable house are the chimneys. The architect undoubtedly started with the intention of putting up a frame building, and he succeeded so far as the corners and a few odd boards are concerned, but when the masons began with the chimneys there was no room left for much of anything else. Stuffed into a house not much bigger than a seaside cottage are five of the biggest and queerest chimneys that architect ever drew or mason ever built. Broad chimneys, thick chimneys, high chimneys. Outside they make about two-thirds of the wall, and inside they make you wonder where a stout Britisher will find space in any of the rooms to sit down. Broad at the base, each chimney runs up, square and clumsy, till it reaches the edge of the roof; then it narrows suddenly and goes on ten feet or so higher, when it as suddenly widens out again into a heavy band at the top, and then quickly tapers off again into space. Inside, in every one of the five little rooms is a cosy, old-fashioned fire-place, with broad mouth and a suggestion of winter evenings and the yule-log smoking. The workmen are unable to tell why the Queen has made such elaborate preparations for the warmth of her commissioners. Any one of the fire-places would heat the entire building in May or November, and in any of the intervening months would drive the coldest Britisher into the neighboring lake. But some jealous subject must have imposed upon her Majesty with the idea that America is a frozen waste, and Fairmount Park crowded with icebergs and avalanches. Rolls of building paper on the outside show what the material of the weather-boarding will be; and when the bright shingles are all on, and a coat of cheerful paint covers the outside walls, and smoke from British logs is curling from the five tall chimneys, the odd building in the little chestnut grove will be one of the prettiest and queerest in the Park. Adjoining it is its mate, a larger building, but more on the American square-box plan, with holes for windows and doors. The framework for this latter building was raised yesterday, and it will not be many days before John Bull's Centennial Buildings are ready for occupation by the British lion.—*Philadelphia Times.*

WHAT TO DO WITH ILLUSTRATED PAPERS.

The very best thing to do with illustrated papers after your own family have finished reading them, is, of course, to send them to some family who cannot afford the luxury of buying them, or to the prison libraries; but it often happens that odd numbers lie around the house and are torn up or burned up, simply because one does not know what to do with them.

A very pretty use for odd pictures and prints of all sizes and descriptions is to make them into Christmas books for children. It is pretty work for your own children to do, and they make tasteful and valuable presents for the children of friends. The following directions may perhaps assist the young people in preparing a pleasant surprise for some one they love:

Take one yard of blue glazed muslin, of a pretty shade, one of pink and one of white; fold each into six squares, unless your pictures are very large, when four squares will probably answer. Lay them one upon the other, and stitch one side firmly together; then, taking a sharp pair of scissors, cut the three remaining margins in even and regular points.

Now trim your pictures neatly, and arrange the third page, leaving the outside leaf for a cover. The pictures should be put on with starch, laying them face down upon the table and brushing the backs evenly and quickly with the starch, then lifting and placing where you wish to have them, leaving a margin of about an inch of the colored cambric around the edge of the pictures. When the page is arranged, and partly dry, it should be pressed with a warm iron. If the pictures are small, several can be nicely grouped together, or one large one and two smaller will often do nicely upon the same page. The cover can be decorated in rather different fashion, by leaving the edge plain, and loop-stitching a border in colored worsted, and pasting a name and inscription in letters, also cut from headings of papers.

With a little exercise of ingenuity a very pretty thing can be made of waste pictures, which are really too good to throw away.—*American Grocer.*

WHERE manufactures flourish, land and its products are most valuable.

CAN WE SPEAK ENGLISH?

We are glad that this question has been raised, for there has seemed to be danger for some time that writing and speaking the English language would soon be recorded among the lost arts. One of the best articles in *Harper* for September is devoted to the discussion of this subject. The writer says:

"In our daily conversation we disfigure it with all varieties of slang, masculine or feminine, as the case may be—one as bad as the other. We disregard its delicate shades of meaning, we do all we can to deprive it of all force by our careless use of its terms; we load it with provincialisms and foreign phrases, and then we scornfully turn our backs upon it as if it were an old worn-out servant who may have been of use to scrub our floors or scrub our barn-yards. We hire foreign nurses for our children, so that the first words they utter shall be either a French or German dialect, and we boast of the fact that these children talk only French or German, and do not understand one word of English."

The following questions are as well put as they are pertinent: "Is there no school, of all the hundreds advertising in our city papers, which has the courage to state as a recommendation, 'English the language of this school?' Is there no one school which will make it its aim, first and last, as far as the form of language goes, to see that the English spoken in play hours and recitations shall be pure and correct; that only those text books which can bear this test shall be used; that the reading recommended shall be selected with this view; that the poetry committed to memory shall always be the best? Is there no school whose pupils shall be recognized by their clear and distinct articulation, their accurate and easy pronunciation, their exact accent, and their skillful and beautiful use of the English language? How many of our girls and boys can be said even to know French, to know and understand that language as used by Racine, by Corneille, by Pascal or Moliere? And far more serious than this, how many of them know German—that is, the language of Herdner and Lessing, of Goethe and Schiller? Most serious of all and most concerning us, how many of us know English? that is, how many of us understand or can speak it even fluently and correctly, not to say elegantly? How many of us know our own most noble language, to which so many languages have contributed—the language of Chaucer and Spencer, of Milton, of Bacon, of Shakespeare? How many of us can speak English?"

LIVING HERE AND THERE.

Valuable statistics in regard to the comparative cost of living in America and Europe are given in the late Massachusetts Labor Report.

One dollar will buy twenty pounds of flour in Boston, one or two pounds more in some European seaports, but the same are considerably less in a majority of places compared. In Boston one dollar will buy 5.56 pounds of beef, roast piece. In no place in England will it buy as much by a pound or more, and in Europe still less, Copenhagen being the only place where it will buy more. Butter in Europe averages a pound more to the dollar than here; cheese less by more than that, except in a few spots. As for potatoes, they are cheaper here than in England, and dearer than in Ireland or Germany. Seven or eight pounds of pork for a dollar are sold here, and not much over half as much can be obtained for that sum in Europe or England, and nowhere as much. In rice, milk and eggs they have the advantage of us. Tea costs less here than in England, but more than on the Continent. With coffee it is about the same, though the difference is little. In sugar the British are a little better off, Continentals a great deal worse. Coal is cheaper here than in Germany, and dearer than in England. Merrimac or common prints are cheaper here than in England and Europe. Boots are about the same here as there, generally speaking. There are but two or three places in England or the Continent where brown sheetings are cheaper than here, while in brown shirtings the foreigners are better off. Rent for four-roomed tenements is from two to four times cheaper in Great Britain and on the Continent than in Boston; in Australia fifteen times cheaper. Board also is from once and a half to twice as cheap in Europe and in Great Britain as in Boston.

ODD WAY OF POPPING THE QUESTION.

We find in a recent novel a mode of "popping the question," so singular in its way it is worth preserving:

Miss Georgie answers a tap at the front door, and her lover, Mr. Fleetwood, proves to be the visitor.

"Miss Gedge, I've come on an errand that makes me nervous. I've walked up to your door three times to-night before I dared to knock, and now I've got in I've hardly courage to say what I want to say. The fact is, when a man has got a favor to ask, he doesn't know well how to begin, especially if he's a man of few words."

Here Mr. Fleetwood stopped, and an awkward pause ensued.

"I'm sure if there is any favor we can do you, we shall only be too glad to—to oblige so kind a friend," I began. "I can never feel grateful enough for all——"

"Stop, or you'll be saying more than you may wish. There is something you can do—something that will repay me a thousand times over, and make me the happiest man alive. You'll think me very abrupt, I'm afraid; but I want to know if you'll marry me? I'll make you a good and faithful husband by God's help, if you'll have me, Dorothy. There, I've done it now, and a pretty mess I've made of it!"

For I had sat down and covered my face with my hands, and I'm afraid I was beginning to sob. It had come upon me so suddenly.

"I oughtn't to have blurted it out like that," said Mr. Fleetwood, in an uneasy voice. "I hope you're not offended with me?"

I was still silent. But it was from emotion, not anger or indifference.

"If you wish me to go, do sit as you sit now, with your face turned from me; but if you only find it hard to say the word I want to hear, just lift up the bit of sea-weed there on the table by your side, and I'll know what you mean, Dorothy."

The words were uttered in a voice full of feeling. I looked up into the manly, modest face bending over me, and—really I can't say whether I lifted up the sea-weed or not.

PROTEST AGAINST HARD TIMES.

BY TOM HOOD.

I do wish that our botanists, conchologists and entomologists would sit soberly down a little below the clouds and review their classical and polyglottical names. Yea, that our gardeners and florists especially would take their watering pots and rebaptize all those pretty plants whose pedantical titles are enough to make them blush and droop their heads for shame.

Let the horticulturists hunt through their dictionaries, Greek and Latin, and they will never insert such apt and pleasant names as the old English ones to be found in Chaucer, Spencer and Shakspeare.

Oh, how sweetly they sound, look and smell in verse—charming the eye and nose, through the ear! But what is a Scutellaria Lacrantha to either sense? Day's eyes, by eyes, and lippes of cowes have a pastoral relish and a poetical significance, but what song or sonnet would be sweeter for a Brunsvigia?

There is meaning in wind-flowers and cuckoo buds and shepherd's clocks, and the hare-bell is at once associated with the breezy heath, but what image is suggested by hearing of a Schizanthus Retusea?

Then again forget-me-not sounds like a short quotation from Rogers' "Pleasures of Memory." Love-lies-bleeding contains a whole tragedy in its title. But what story can be picked out of a dendrobium, even if it were surnamed clutterbucher after the egotistical fashion of the present day?

Reform it altogether!

PEAS THREE THOUSAND YEARS OLD.

In the course of late explorations in the ancient ruins of Egypt, General Anderson, a traveler, found enclosed in a sarcophagus, beside a mummy, a few dry peas, which he preserved carefully, and, on his return to Great Britain, planted in the rich soil of the Island of Guernsey. The seed germinated, and soon two little plants appeared, from which, at maturity, sufficient peas were gathered to plant quite a large tract of ground the following season.

Some of the plants thus raised have attained a height of over six feet, and have been laden with blossoms of exquisite odor, and of a delicate rose tint. The peculiar feature of the growth is the stem, which is small near the root, but increases greatly in size as it ascends, requiring a support to sustain it upright. The pods instead of being distributed around all portions of the stem, as in the ordinary plant, are grouped about the upper extremity. The vegetable, it is said, belongs to the ordinary garden variety; but from its presenting the very distinctive differences above noted, it seems worthy of close botanical examination. The peas are of remarkably fine flavor, excelling in delicacy those of the choicest known varieties.

HASTE AND HEALTH.

It is not at all wholesome to be in a hurry. Locomotives have been reported to have moved a mile a minute for short distances. But locomotives have often come to grief by such great rapidity. Multitudes in their haste to get rich are ruined every year. The men who do things maturely, slowly, deliberately, are the men who oftenest succeed in life; people who are habitually in a hurry generally have to do things twice over. The tortoise beat the hare at last. Slow men seldom knock their brains out against a post. Foot-races are injurious to health, as are all forms of competitive exercise; steady labor in the field is the best gymnasium in the world. Either labor or exercise, carried to exhaustion or prostration, or even great tiredness, expressed by "fagged out," always does more harm than the previous exercise has done good. All running upstairs or to catch up with a vehicle or ferry boat, is extremely injurious to every age, sex and condition of life. It ought to be the most pressing necessity which should induce a person over fifty to run over twelve or fifteen yards. Those live longest who are deliberate, whose actions are measured, who never embark in any enterprise without "sleeping over it," and who perform all the every-day acts with calmness. Quakers are proverbially calm, quiet people; and they are a thrifty folk, the world over.

SUNSHINE.

From an acorn weighing a few grains, a tree will grow for a hundred years or more, not only throwing off many pounds of leaves every year, but itself weighing several tons.

If an orange twig is put in a large box of earth, and that earth is weighed, when the twig becomes a tree, bearing luscious fruit, there will be very nearly the same amount of earth.

From careful experiments made by different scientific men, it is an ascertained fact that a very large part of the growth of a tree is derived from the sun, from the air and from the water, and very little from the earth; and, notably, all vegetation becomes sickly, unless it is freely exposed to sunshine. Wood and coal are but condensed sunshine, which contains three important elements, equally essential to both vegetable and animal life—magnesia, lime and iron. It is the iron in the blood which gives them the durability necessary to bodily vigor, while the magnesia is important to many of the tissues. Thus it is that the more persons are out of doors, the more healthy, the more vigorous they are, and the longer they will live. Every human being ought to have an hour or two of sunshine at noon in winter, and in the early forenoon in summer.

A ROMAN TUNNEL IN ALGIERS.—Several civil engineers, engaged with the surveys for a water conduit from Touja to Bougie, have made a very interesting and important discovery. A mountain which was situated in the proposed line of the conduit was to be tunneled for a length of five hundred yards, and in searching for the most suitable place the engineers discovered an ancient tunnel six feet eight inches in height, and nineteen feet seven inches in circumference. It is supposed that this is the same tunnel mentioned in an epigraph found at Lambeoc, according to which the tunnel was built in the reign of Antoninus Pius, the plans being proposed by a veteran of the Third Legion, named Nonius Datus. Finding works like this after a time of two thousand years, we cannot but be greatly astonished at the power, energy, modest face bending over me, and—really genius of a nation which produced, with the limited means available at those times, such gigantic structures.

ITEMS of INTEREST.

PHILADELPHIA has sustained an irreparable loss in the death of Rev. John Chambers. He had spent half a century in the ministry, and was widely known through the country as an uncompromising advocate of temperance.——An unusually large number of furloughs will be granted in the German army this year for the sake of economy.——Of the entire population of London it is estimated that over one-fourth, or one million of people, never attend church.——A committee has been formed in Paris, entitled the Franco-American Union, with Hon. E. B. Washburne as one of the honorary Presidents. The object is to erect a monument on an island in Long Island Sound to commemorate the hundredth year of American Independence.——A workingmen's excursion from England to America next year is proposed, leaving Liverpool early in June, visiting New York, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Chicago, Niagara Falls, and the chief cities of Canada, and embarking at Quebec for Europe about the middle of August.——In accordance with instructions from the British War Office, the Martini-Henry rifle is to be in the hands of all the troops in the colonies by the end of the financial year.——A new and notable feature in a city hotel is instrumental music during dinner. The plan originated with the Lelands, who are putting it into operation at the Sturtevant. Music by the band between the hours of five and seven P. M.——The total value of books exported from the United States during the past year amounted to nearly $600,000.——Star-spangled banner stockings will be the fashion during the Centennial year.——An English publisher has just issued the "Smallest Bible in the World." It is 4¾ x 3¼, and half an inch thick.——At a recent Connecticut fair several bottles of native wine were set before the "wine testing committee" for premiums. There was great diversity of opinion, and a warm discussion, followed by intense disgust, when it was found that a wag had filled all the bottles from the same barrel.——A very considerate impetus has been given to the trade in firearms by the late rifle matches in Ireland and England, and trade in this branch of American manufacture is better than ever.——A half-English half-Spanish company, which will connect Europe and Africa by a tunnel at Gibraltar, has been formed at Paris. This tunnel will have a length of 44,139 Parisian feet and a depth of 1,630 feet, while that between France and England must be built 2,620 feet below the sea.

RECEIPTS.

BENZINE and common clay will clean marble.

CASTOR OIL is an excellent thing to soften leather.

ONE-HALF teaspoonful of salt in four teaspoonfuls of water will regulate a disordered stomach, to be repeated two or three mornings before breakfast.

FRUIT STAINS may be removed from white or colored clothing by pouring boiling hot water upon the stains before they are wet with anything else. If the hands are stained wash them in clear water, dry them slightly, and hold them while yet moist around a lighted match so as to catch the smoke.

LOOKING GLASSES should never be hung where the sun will shine upon them, as the amalgam of tin foil spread upon the glass plates to make them mirrors is very readily crystalized by the actmic solar rays, and made to assume a granulated appearance, so that it will not reflect outlines with any approach to precision.

TO CLEAN STRAW MATTING AND OIL CLOTH.—Wash the matting twice during the summer with salt and water, say about a pint of salt dissolved in about a pailful of warm, soft water, drying the matting quickly with a soft cloth. The salt will prevent from turning yellow. After oil cloths are scrubbed and dried, they should be rubbed all over with a cloth dipped in milk. You've no idea how brightly the colors come out.

TO MAKE A SILVER GUARD CHAIN AS NEW.—Put it in single rows on a shovel or piece of sheet iron over a clear fire till it becomes hot (blood red); then immerse it in a basin of cold water in which there is about a teaspoonful of oil of vitriol, thoroughly mixed; it will in a short time assume a dead white. To render the external links bright, polish with a steel guard with soap and water; if not a good white, apply a little pearlash with a brush.

GLOSSED SHIRT BOSOMS.—Take two ounces of fine white gum arabic powder, put it in a pitcher and pour on a pint or more of water, and then having covered it, let it stand all night. In the morning pour it carefully from the dregs into a clean bottle, cork, and keep it for use. A teaspoonful of gum-water stirred in a pint of starch, made in the usual way, will give to lawns, white or printed, a look of newness, when nothing else can restore them, after they have been washed.

If every one of our readers would try Dobbins' Electric Soap (Cragin & Co., Philadelphia,) they would, like us, become firm believers in its wonderful merit. Have your grocer order it.

To Owners of Horses.

NO ONE WHO HAS EVER USED DR. Tobias' Horse Venetian Liniment will ever be without it. It is a certain cure for Colic, Sore Throat, Cuts, Bruises, Old Sores. Warranted superior to any other; in pint bottles, at One Dollar. Sold by the druggists. Depot, 10 Park Place, New York.

Youth and Beauty

Is the envy of every lady, and delight of gentlemen. Ladies who are not blessed by nature can very much improve their beauty by using Geo. W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth." It will remove all blemishes from the skin, leaving it perfectly beautiful. Sold at all druggists in the United States.

Depot, 5 Gold Street, New York. Price 75 cents.

GOURAND'S Oriental Cream, or Magical Beautifier for the Skin and Complexion. It takes with the Ladies beyond imagination. There is no example of such a success.

Prepared by T. Felix Gourand, 48 Bond street, New York, inventor of the world-renowned

ITALIAN MEDICATED SOAP,

for the cure of all Skin Diseases.

The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
1821
FOUNDED AUG 4TH A.D.
1821

Saturday Evening, Oct. 23, 1875.

OUR NEW STORY!

THE SPECTRAL CONDOR.

A MYSTERY OF THE SOUTH SEA.

By CAPT. MAYNE REID.

WILL BEGIN NEXT WEEK!

Captain Mayne Reid is so well known to our readers as an author of world-wide repute that it would be needless for us to expatiate on his merits. To the old contributors of the POST his name will be very familiar, as many of his earlier stories were first published in these columns, and were immensely popular among all classes, young and old.

Judging from this story, which we shall begin NEXT WEEK, Capt. Mayne Reid has lost none of the fire of his youth, and is to-day one of the most powerful and finished writers of romance.

To use rather a paradoxical expression, he is most at home when he is at sea, and his sea stories are not surpassed by those of any other writer of the present day, either American or European.

WHAT SHALL I DO FOR A LIVING?

There are among our readers multitudes of young men who are asking to-day, with much solicitude and anxiety, "What shall I do for a living?" We do not think that there has ever been a time when it was more difficult to answer this question.

Society is divided into two classes—the workers and the non-workers. The workers are, again, divided into two classes—those who work with their hands, and those who work with their brains. The latter distinction is not as clearly marked as the former, for manual toil is generally supplemented by some activity of the mind, and mental labor by a certain amount of bodily exercise. The man who hammers stone must use his judgment in order to strike in the right place; and the man who hammers his brains must use his hands in order to record his thoughts.

In the choice of a vocation, there are five great mistakes to be avoided. The first is crowding into what are called "the professions," or mercantile life, or some other employment where there is but little manual labor, on the supposition that this must promise to the young man a comparatively easy life. There are none who work harder than some who are supposed not to work at all. An aching brain may be more trying than a weary arm.

The second mistake into which young men are liable to fall—and this is worse than the first—is that of trying for a place in some of those branches of business where there is the possibility of achieving a great fortune at a stroke, with the strong probability of not making a cent. This is simply "running for luck," with the prospect of breaking your neck in the race. The few, who succeed, every one hears of; the multitude, who fail, pass out of sight and are forgotten.

The third mistake is that of rushing from the country to the large cities without any reasonable prospect of finding remunerative occupation. If all the groans and sighs which come from the stores and offices, where our clerks, and salesmen, and bookkeepers congregate, could be heard through our country towns and villages, there would not be the same eagerness to join the crowd who haunt the city streets. If there be a fair chance of your attaining a comfortable living in any honest way, stay near home, and build upon a sure foundation, even though the structure rise somewhat slowly. Wherever and however they may begin life, as a general rule, men will gravitate to their true level. If it be in you to burst the narrow bounds which at first restrict your steps, you will be quite certain to do it, sooner or later.

The fourth mistake to be noticed is the prevalent notion that to work with the hands can never be as honorable as it is to work with the brain. If indeed a man is nothing but a tool or a part of a machine, he cannot expect to take an elevated place in society. But suppose the hand and the head to work together—as they always will, to some extent, just as soon as you rise out of the region of mere servile toil—how does the matter stand then? Here is a practical farmer, who is also a student of scientific agriculture, and brings his knowledge to bear upon the improvement of land, the increase of crops, the perfecting of seeds, economy in labor—under his skilful hand barren wastes are redeemed, so that the earth will always be more fruitful because he has lived and labored, and his culture makes the human race richer as well as his own household—could any one ask for more honorable employment? Here is a young mechanic, who has learned his trade thoroughly and well, and starting in life as a skilled, accomplished workman, he brings his mind to the watchful study of every progress in his work—contriving, experimenting, inventing, and gradually rising from his inferior position till he becomes a master-workman, a contractor, the head of a grand establishment, "saying to this man, go, and he goeth, and to that man, come, and he cometh," is this not better and more honorable than to be a feeble advocate at the bar, or an impecunious, half-starved member of any other learned profession?

And, lastly, it is very sad when one finds that he has chosen a line of life to which he is not adapted. It works badly, whether the peg is too large or too small for the hole.

HE who can suppress a moment's anger may prevent days of sorrow.

YEARS AGO.

BY M. N.

Years ago; and the tears have dried,
Springs have come and have passed away,
And life been sweet to the tearful-eyed;
And hope has brightened the desolate way—
Angels, pity her soul to day!

What brings it back, the old keen pain?
The fire is bright in the cheerful room—
Why is the sad face bowed again?
Why has the sun gone down in gloom
Where never tidings of woe have come?

It is only this—that an hour gone by
She opened a drawer, and found but these—
Some yellow letters. O let them lie!
Night is sad; there is wind in the trees,
And memory stirs in the evening breeze.

Guardian angel, thou knowest best!
Peace is not always well. The past
Flies too soon. It is God's behest
That we turn at times to a page that's cast
Behind us. With it there comes the blast

Of the iron sorrow: the scent of flowers,
Culled for us once by a hand that's gone—
The touch of a letter, brings back the hours
When earth sufficed us, and we were young,
And our cares were dull to the angels' song.

ROUGH NOTES FROM THE STREET.

BY CHAS. B. CARLISLE.

The keen scent of the man who really seeks for the facts of life, and the reason for them, anchors him in the street. Americans have a creditable home life, but they are not stranded on it. The independence in him struggles the moment you try to groove him in. The nobility of his nature demands the holy, loving union of hearts—the family—but he must be allowed to sail out thence, with enough of cloud and breeze to diversify the voyage. And so, much of our life is surface. It makes him social and commonplace, and he gets through life more easily, and far more pleasantly, for these very qualities. Speculators, of any sort, are stiff, frigid, formal, and are always awkward to themselves and others.

The average American has a wholesome sense of the enjoyable and available in ordinary life, and it is one of the redeeming graces of his character. And yet in it all there is a poise of character that is American. One can catch a foreigner between balances, an American never. The foreigner is always on the alert, an American, independent. These are individualisms, and we put them away in memory's garners as simple facts, to reason about in the to-morrow.

Men float together on the street, and the normal facts and conditions of human nature appear. The artificial and conventional are in the background, and what you see is a mosaic of the real, nationally, individually, reputably and characteristically. And thus the street becomes a social thermometer, a public pulse—not the ideal, but the real.

Oftentimes we see the most vivid contrasts, the most irreconcilable traits, apparently, which sometimes bewilder, but always provide study.

And did you, reader, never remark that when a companionship between two men is formed—I mean a close friendship that reveals itself in their always being together—that they were almost always a sort of Alpha and Omega pair, that the dissimilarity involved the minutest thing about them. Their lives lay in different grooves. One all fire and ambition, the other dead muscle; the one with his feet far advanced on the threshold of life's opportunities, the companion an elegant idler; a man laughing at the difficulties ahead, his friend, with naptha lamp, groping back, to find some easier path; another with the reins of his heart in his mother's hand, his partner a cynic with a heart chrome steel tempered; one the very outside picket of fashion, his friend in slop-shop of a year's wear; the one a blonde, the other a brunette of darkest shade; this one loved the philosophy of "Three Feathers," that one hated matrimony without arithmetic; oyster soup for one, the other stuck to raw; the one lifted his plug and smiled as she passed, the other mashed his brown slouch, and looked at everything but her.

Another study. These two or any other two men never met without there was an unconscious comparison of the moral and intellectual. This is true among men who meet as ships on the sea, to meet and part. Either there was a triumph or humiliation, imperceptible, but still there—an elevation or descent, a heightening or diminishing, within.

And this is an actual picture, taken from life, and supplemented a thousand times in the street. And they are the closest companions. Shall I attempt the analysis, or just dump the whole thing at the door of psychology?

And so far as the opposites go, this picture will do for the fair sex. Their friendships possess less of the cohesive. They are more sensitive to the attrition which separates, because of more delicate temperament. The instability of girlish friendship is commonly accepted, but some of the reasons have not been as commonly understood. One of the best of these is, that the changes which take place in the character destroy what they have dignified with the name of friendship, because with these changes in character comes the lack of sympathy. It was a defective intercourse at first, but only the changes in character have shown it. Men are rougher and rugged, and can stand jostling from a companion—endure even intrepid impudence. His muscles may twinge, but he recovers. Once shock a woman's sensibility, and she is as dead to you as though you had never crossed her path.

Between characters that are all negative or affirmative there is always an antagonism. Even when closely associated in the business and events of life this is remarked. The wedded life of two negative or affirmative characters yields but little of the contentment and happiness which is the reasonable hope of mankind, and, generally, the result of marriages of directly opposite characters. This seems improbable at the start, but a careful study evolves the truth.

"Society is very arbitrary." This opinion fell out of a generalizing chat she and I had while we waited in an ice cream parlor for the return of her shopping friends, the silver ladle freighted with frozen cream poised at the entrance of a little ivory gate, with pink portico, and "very arbitrary" escaped with feminine fierceness.

My friend, you are quarreling with society because your fine, bright talent has not received permanent recognition. Well, that is nothing strange. Study the analogies of the theatre, and they will convince you that society does not seek after all people who live on the same intellectual flat.

Here is a play-bill ten years old. On it you see names of people indexed by the size of the type and position as very humble. Here is a bill of to-day, and you see these people are humble still. The ten years has put inferiors in capital letters. Counterfeit coin passing for genuine, yet it goes, because these people have had the tact—tact, mind you—to hit society where it tickled. They have had the boldness or brassiness to hold themselves higher than they were worth, and it will enable them to ride on, out to the end, if they keep it up. The moment modesty sways them, they sink like so much lead. Ornament as often deceives the world as anything else, and the realities, illusioned by appearance, is one of the best things of art.

Few things will "make a man," what the French term "*outre*," especially in a country like this, where the disposition is to make of mankind a show. From this comes oddity and singularity. Men manufacture character, and while in reality it may only illustrate the time-worn fable, society only perceives the lion's skin, and the masquerade has served the man's purpose.

Men who assume a character never take a bad one, and intend to appear in the possession of honesty and extraordinary righteousness. He may remember that this is oftentimes an ill-treated piece of workmanship, but he only means to appear so, and be honest, because it is policy, not from any inherent principle. This policy-honesty yields him riches, though it cheats him of contentment. He may not be able to take any of these riches beyond the grave, and if he could, they would be burned up; but society will not forgive a man who has the opportunity, and fails to put money in his purse, and this assumption of goodness is the preface by which the man who intends to play false rises in society's esteem.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

GARIBALDI.

To condense the life of Garibaldi within the limits of a short sketch, although a labor of love, is by no means an easy task. So wondrous has been his career, so varied in incident and exciting adventure, that were it not that he is living in our own times, with eye-witnesses out of number to all his exploits, we should be inclined to look upon the record of them in much the same way as we treat the wonderful deeds of the Seven Champions of Christendom.

Giuseppe (Joseph) Garibaldi was born at Nice, in Italy, July 22d, 1807. His father, though a sailor, and the son of a sailor, descended from an ancient and noble family, who at one time occupied the thrones of Bavaria and Lombardy. In early boyhood Garibaldi had a good education, his parents wishing him to follow some useful profession on land, such as the law, medicine, or the church; but the boy, although loving his parents sincerely, was bent upon a sailor's life. His resolution was early shown in this direction while at school; for by his bearing or his eloquence he won over certain of his schoolfellows to start with him for Genoa, eighty miles distant, in order to obtain a ship. To accomplish this, the youthful leader proposed the seizure of a fishing-boat. This was done; and the juveniles started on their perilous voyage. An abbe, however, had seen them depart. Garabaldi's father was made acquainted with the fact, and sent a boat in pursuit. The boys were overtaken at Monaco, nine miles from Nice, and duly brought back again.

His determination for a sailor's life continued to increase, and at length, obtaining his parents' consent, he made his first voyage to Odessa. Of his numerous voyages we need not speak, further than that they were full of adventure, of shipwreck, and that more than once the young hero risked his own life to save another fellow-creature. Throughout all his perils he had his mother's last prayer in mind; for, says Garabaldi himself, "That which gave me the courage at which people have often expressed astonishment, was the conviction I felt that no harm could happen to me while so good a woman—while such an angel, was praying for me."

He early imbibed a love for his country, and a desire to assist in her liberation from oppression. This soon grew into a solemn duty. Ultimately, in 1833, after making a voyage to Constantinople, he threw up the command of his vessel, and sailed for Marseilles. Here he met Mazzini, and joined with him in espousing the cause of the Italian Republic. Driven from French territory, Mazzini took refuge in Switzerland. Here it was decided to make a second attempt on Piedmont, which was to be entered by two columns—one through Savoy, and the other direct from Geneva. To secure complete success, Garabaldi entered as a first-class sailor on board a Sardinian frigate. His task was to win over the sailors to the Italian cause, and seize the vessel for the Republican service. This was soon accomplished; and Garabaldi sailed for Genoa, where he landed, to assist in the expected rising of the people. The royal troops, however, were poured into the city, Mazzini's plans miscarried, and Garibaldi had a narrow escape of his life. Many of the leaders were captured and shot; sentence of death was recorded against Garibaldi; but he escaped to the mountains, resting by day, and travelling by night. Arriving at the River Var, which separated France from the Sardinian States, he found it so swollen by the rains as to cut off the usual means of crossing. Bidding his companions farewell, he plunged into the flood, and swam across. Deeming himself free from arrest, he hesitated not to say who he was when accosted by one of the *corps de garde*. His confidence was too premature; for he was at once arrested, and escorted to Draguigan, a prisoner. Here he was taken into a room looking out upon a garden fifteen feet below. Approaching the window, as if to enjoy the view, he sprang out with a bold leap, and was away in safety on the mountain ere his guards could follow. On the following night, while at a small inn, and trusting on French sympathy, he again betrayed himself. The landlord at once said his arrest must be ordered; but Garibaldi, always equal to an emergency, begged it might be put off until after dessert, at the same time clinking some crowns in his pocket. A company of young men arriving, they began to sing, Garibaldi volunteered, and sang in a clear and rich tenor voice one of Beranger's patriotic songs. The right chord was touched, and with such effect was the song rendered that loud shouts of "Vive la France!" "Vive l'Italia!" rang out from the company. In the early morning his new friends escorted him in safety from the dangerous locality, and in twenty days he arrived at Marseilles. Here, under the assumed name of Pane, he signalized himself by tending the patients in a cholera hospital whom the nurses had deserted. In 1836 he gave his sword to the republic of Rio Grande, and passed through a variety of stirring adventures, in company with his brave wife, Anita. He commanded an Italian legion of eight hundred men against the Dictator Rosas, and became celebrated for the battle of Salto Saint Antonio. In 1847, on hearing of the elevation of Pius IX to the Papacy, he offered his services, but transferred them in 1848 to the provisional government of Rome, Charles Albert declining them. He was received with great enthusiasm at Rome, and was in the thick of the struggle which ensued when the French troops attacked that city. On the entry of the French Garibaldi fled, the French and Austrians both hotly pursuing him. During the terrible time which followed, his wife sank from exhaustion and died. Garibaldi, some time after, visited the United States, where he settled on Staten Island, New York, as a soap and candle manufacturer. In 1854, on visiting the Tyne, he was presented by the people of Newcastle with a sword. Afterwards he settled in the desolate island of Caprera, where he commenced farming with great success. On breaking out of the war between France and Italy against Austria, in 1859, he offered his services, and was allowed to organize a body of volunteers, called Alpine Chasseurs. They numbered 17,000; with them he engaged at Varese, Camerlata, Como, Brescia, Magenta, Montebello, Solferino, &c. He landed at Marsala, in May, 1860, and in a short time took Palermo; he thence marched on the mainland, and the struggle was carried from Reggio to Pizzo, to San Giovanni, Mileto, and finally Naples, which King Francis II evacuated. On his march to Gaeta he met King Victor Emmanuel, and saluted him "King of Italy." He did not get on well with the Sardinian lieutenants of the King, and, as poor in purse as when he set out, without any honors or titles, he put himself on board a vessel, and went back to his home in Caprera. On the 26th July, 1862, he published, at Palermo, a revolutionary address to the Hungarians, inciting them to revolt, possibly with the hope that such a movement would divert a large body of Austrian troops from Venetia. But the effect of this letter was neutralized by a public letter from General Klapka, addressed to Garibaldi, in which he demonstrated that any rising of the Hungarian people at that juncture would be ruinous to their cause. But Garibaldi was not to be deterred from his object. On August 1st he joined a body of volunteers, at Ficuzza, a forest district, about twenty miles from Palermo. General Cialdini was sent by the government to oppose his progress; but before he arrived, Garibaldi and his followers had crossed in two French steamers from Catania to Melita. The royal troops, however, under General Pallavacino, overtook them on the mountain plateau of Aspromonte. Here a skirmish began, in which Garibaldi received a rifle bullet in his ankle. Overpowered by numbers, the Garibaldians were compelled to surrender. Garibaldi was conveyed to Spezia. England and France vied with each other in sending their most eminent surgeons to attend him, and they were assisted by the most distinguished of the Italian faculty. The anxiety felt for him was as intense as it was universal; and when Garibaldi was pronounced out of danger, and he was permitted to return to his island home, a feeling of thankfulness pervaded all classes. He has since lived in close retirement at Capiera, devoting himself like another Cincinnatus, to the peaceful cultivation of his farm.

Essentially cosmopolitan in his aspirations, his sympathies have been with the oppressed of every land; and whether as a soldier, a citizen, a patriot, or a philanthropist, Garibaldi has won for himself, by his indomitable courage, his invincible love of liberty, his incorruptible honesty, his utter abnegation of self, and his unswerving constancy, not only the lasting gratitude of the present age, but a name which will endure as long as the noblest attributes of humanity are prized and revered.

WHY MONEY IS PLENTY IN THE BANKS.

The argument of the resumptionists that "money was never so plenty as now" is an insult to common sense. Money is plenty in the banks, because those who hold it there refuse to loan it except on extraordinary terms. The purpose of the organization of banks is to loan money and credits to those engaged in commercial and industrial enterprises. But trade and industrial enterprises were paralyzed by the panic of 1873, and capitalists and bankers refuse to lift them out of their condition of stagnation by the loan of money and credits, hence the plethora of money in hand. Meantime property of every class, except money, steadily depreciates, and money appreciates in the ratio of the depreciations of commodities. Two reasons operate upon the mind of the banker to induce him to hoard his money: First, although he loses interest, he gains a much larger property in the enlarged purchasing power of his money. Second, by withholding it he forces still lower the prices of commodities, and in the same ratio increases the purchasing power of his money. The lever with which the capitalist and banker operate to push all other classes to bankruptcy is the specie resumption act. Repeal that act and the idle money will flow out into the channels of circulation to stimulate commerce. Ever since the passage of the resumption act the capitalists and bankers of the country have been speculating on the distress of the people. They will continue so to speculate until the act is repealed.—*Allegheny Mail.*

THE history of the song which Mr. Sankey sings so often, and which we have given on the fifth page, "The Ninety and Nine," is curious. It originally appeared in the corner of an American newspaper, from the pen of Miss E. C. Clephane. When Mr. Sankey was among the Scottish Highlands he tried to find some hymn peculiarly suited to the pastoral tastes of his auditors, who were mainly shepherds. He discovered these lines in the *Rock*, an English evangelical newspaper. He adapted them to a wild, plaintive air, and they soon sung themselves into the hearts, not only of rustic Highlanders, but lords and ladies in fastidious London.

ONLY A LEAF.

BY HESTER A. BENEDICT.

Only the rustle of a leaf! A tiny maple leaf from the bough above our head, dropping through the hazy October air to the river at our feet, whirled round and round in little eddying circles for a moment, and then carried away—away from the reach of our hands, and outward and onward till the wave upon whose breast it lies goes singing around the high outstretching bluffs below, and is lost to us forever.

Only a leaf! A little tender leaf, that through the summer days and nights swayed idly to the music of the wind and wave, clinging closely to the bough that gave it birth.

The summer is vanished now. Her blossoms are dead upon the faded hills, her voice is gone from the fountains, and the sound of her royal feet is heard no more beside the rivers and among the shadows of the world; and so the leaves—sweet summer's truest mourners—fall faintly through the languid air to hide their changed faces in the shadow of her sepulchre.

Only a leaf! a leaf that has lived its little life sweetly and well, and that, glorious in decay, glides grandly to the grave where winds and waves will give it tender burial.

If it had fallen in spring-time, snatched by the hand of storm from the bough to which it was balm and beauty; if it had not grown strong and sweet with the passing of the May, and glad through all the summer hours, we should grieve, remembering a life that went too easily from the earth, remembering the poor forsaken one that wept and weeps for it to-day.

Once, in the fair October time, we kissed to his last long sleep one whose years had been threescore and ten in the land that was proud to do him honor; and though our tears were hot upon the lips that answered not, we knew that his work was done, and felt that it was well that he should go to his rest and his reward.

Again, in the haziest and dreamiest of the warm summer days, we watched a little tender life go swiftly downward to the river whose name is Death—a beautiful human life, whose going our poor hands might not stop nor stay.

We remember all their vain outreaching. We remember how our lips, like hers, were too cold for crying—too palsied for prayer. We remember how we strove, but vainly, to catch the faintest glimpse of the waves that caught and carried from us the life that was all life to us, or the dimmest outline of the bold, broad bluffs, round which it swept swiftly to the calm of the heavenly land.

But we know—a knowledge whose infinite fullness of strength saves the soul from shipwreck—we know that, fair and sweet and loving still, it waits for us where never a leaflet knows decay. Like the leaf, it vanished from our sight, but it knew no death; and so we wait, trying to feel content.

Only a leaf!

"We all do fade as the leaf;" but in the land of the leal, in the fadeless spring-time of eternity, we shall "blossom as the rose," forever and forever.

SILENT MEN.—Washington never made a speech. In the zenith of his fame he once attempted it, failed, and gave it up confused and abashed. In framing the Constitution of the United States the labor was almost wholly performed in Committee of the Whole, of which George Washington was the chairman, but he made two speeches during the convention, which were of a very few words each. The convention, however, acknowledged the master spirit, and historians affirm that, had it not been for his personal popularity, and the thirty words of his first speech pronouncing it the best that could be united upon, the Constitution would have been rejected by the people. Thomas Jefferson never made a speech. He couldn't do it. Napoleon, whose executive ability is almost without a parallel, said that his greatest trouble was in finding men of deeds rather than words.

Advice to Agents.

The Times Are Not Hard.

The country is blessed with abundant crops, living is cheaper than it has been for ten years, and we are prepared to give regular work and large cash pay to almost any number of energetic men and women.

Begin Now.

There is no better season of the year than the present for agents to begin the work of canvassing for subscribers. The harvest is over, and almost everywhere it has been a bountiful one, the evenings are growing longer, when everybody has more time to read, and agents who are the first to enter the field will be sure to do a fine business.

The Business Pays.

Many a man with thousands of dollars of capital invested in business is not making as much money as some of the agents of this paper with only a few dollars invested in an outfit.

Don't Wait.

But send at once and get our terms and an outfit and go to work, and thus do good and make money. You can make it a regular and permanent business if you want to, or, if you cannot devote your whole time to it, you can earn a good salary by devoting to the work such leisure as you can spare from other business.

Territory.

Remember that we give our Agents exclusive right and control of a well-defined territory. This plan protects the rights of each Agent, as no one is allowed to interfere with his work in the territory assigned him.

We still have some of the best territory in the United States unoccupied and which we will assign to the first satisfactory applicant. If you want good pay for good work apply immediately.

Now is the Time.

The fall and early winter is the best season of the year in which to secure subscribers for any paper. Now is the time to begin work. Secure your territory and your outfit, and go to work at once, and you will make money. For all information with regard to terms, etc. Address,

REED, WICKERSHAM & CO.,
726 Sansom St., Philada.

PERSONALITIES.

BRET HARTE has positively finished that long-talked of play for Stuart Robson. "The Prodigals of the Red Gulch," is said to be the title.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN left the bulk of his property to the Coffin family, in recognition of aid extended to him when a poor boy by one of its members.

FANNY ELSSLER, the famous danseuse, who was a sensation in this country over thirty years since, is living at Bremen, the wife of a physician. She is a well-preserved woman of seventy-one.

MRS. ABRAHAM LINCOLN, since her arrival in Springfield, Ill., has given many indications of a restoration to health. She rides out frequently, is cheerful, and manifests much gratification at meeting her former friends.

EDWIN BOOTH, though recovering from his recent accident, is still very weak, and cannot rise from his chair without assistance. The broken ribs and arms have knit well, but he still suffers severely from bruised muscles.

GENERAL JOE JOHNSTON, according to the Georgia papers, has neither accepted nor declined the invitation of the Khedive to take command of the Egyptian army. He likes the offer, but he is not willing to expatriate himself and become a soldier of fortune.

QUEEN VICTORIA is credited with having fired the first shot at Wimbledon, when the range was opened, and with having hit the bull's eye; but the fact that her rifle was aimed, and then steadied in a vice, sixty yards from the seat in which she handled the silver cord that pulled the trigger, is usually omitted from the narrative.

CENTENNIAL NEWS.

THERE are to be six restaurants on the Centennial grounds, and the commissioners receive $6,000 for each permit granted.

JOHN R. NAGLE & Co., of this city, pay the Board of Finance $100,000 for the privilege of printing the catalogue of the Exhibition.

HERR JUHLIN DANNFELT, the Swedish Commissioner to the Centennial, is to sail for Philadelphia in the Illinois on the 3d of November, with his wife and family. He will remain in the city till the close of the exhibition.

THE money required for the erection of the Women's Pavilion has all been raised, thus insuring its completion. The city of Cincinnati subscribed $5,000 for it, which completes the fund of $28,000 required, and leaves a surplus besides of $2,000 for contingent expenses.

DON PEDRO II, Emperor of Brazil, presented to the Chamber of Deputies, in Rio Janeiro, through the Minister of Public Works, a request that they would sanction a royal visit of eighteen months to Europe and the United States, for the purpose, especially, of being in this country throughout the Centennial.

THE Commissioners have decided to fix the price of admission to the Centennial grounds at fifty cents, and to sell no season tickets. A board fence, nine feet high, is to enclose the grounds, and the one admission gives a free permit to all the buildings, there being no extra charge inside, except for what is bought from the restaurants. It has been proposed to have no tickets, but to take the money at the gates.

ADJOINING the United States buildings, about five hundred yards northwest of Machinery Hall, the government has begun the erection of a small, light frame building, to be used as a post hospital. It is the intention to put this under the charge of a hospital squad, and to fill it with patients from the military hospital. Everything will be conducted as if the hospital was in the actual service, so that strangers may see the workings of the government hospital service, which is thought to be the best in the world.

THE Ohio building is to stand 25 feet back from Belmont avenue, on a lot 100 by 250 feet. It is to be 40 feet square inside, with a full story of 15 feet and an attic. It will contain a ladies' parlor and sitting room, and will be the headquarters for Ohio exhibitors. The Ohio newspapers will here be kept on file. Twenty-one Ohio stone quarry owners have each contributed a course of stone for the building, which are to be delivered on the grounds dressed and ready for the masons. The glass for the windows, the flooring, the front door, the roof and an ornamental iron fence are all to be furnished by private individuals free of charge.

THEY are finding all sorts of curious and interesting relics in the hulk of Commodore Perry's old flag-ship, the Lawrence, just raised in Erie (Pa.) harbor, among them a pair of scales, used in weighing out rations to the sailors; a cane, positively identified by some of the oldest citizens of Erie as belonging to Perry; a fife, apparently in a good state of preservation, but which crumbled to pieces on being exposed; a pair of sleeve-buttons, which probably belonged to some officer; an oak drum-stick, in a fine state of preservation; several ramrods; the stock of a musket, containing the flint; a hatchet, together with the handle, made in the primitive style; about a peck of bullets and grapeshot, and a lot of knives, forks and spoons—all of which will be exhibited, with the old hulk, at the Centennial Exposition.

MORE CENTENNIAL WONDERS.—Egypt, it would appear from accounts, is preparing for a brilliant show at our Centennial Exhibition. Over two hundred persons will be sent over, and these will include representatives of every department of native life; there will be a band of genuine Bedouins from Arabia Petræa; the representative animals of the country, including camels and dromedaries, will be exhibited; water from the Nile and Red Sea will be brought over in tanks, and the primitive processes of irrigation and cultivation will be explained and illustrated with native agricultural implements; the manufactures and antiquities of the country will be fully represented; learned scribes will exhibit the process of writing in Arabic on parchment; merchants and husbandmen will exhibit the products of town and country, while the interior life will be illustrated in detail; soldiers will display the uniform of the Turkish army; an Arabic band will perform the national music; and, what will be of more interest than all the crowd, a troop of dancing girls will illustrate the recreations and diversities of the harem. A marvellous show it will be, indeed.

The Seven Little Women.

Gretchen sat drearily waiting for her father to come from the tavern in the village. Many years of sunshine and shadow had passed since her mother had kissed her, and then had crossed the dark silent river to a land of brightness, joy and peace.

Gretchen was about in despair; for there was only a small black loaf in the cupboard, and she was often beaten when Hans, her father was angry.

Suddenly there was a timid knock at the door.

"Come in," said Gretchen.

The door swung slowly open, and seven little women entered.

"We are cold and hungry," said the eldest, "as we have come a long distance; we are very tired, and would like to stay all night."

"You are very welcome," said Gretchen, after a moment's hesitation, as she piled more fagots on the fire.

She divided the loaf of bread into seven portions, and filled seven tin tumblers with sparkling water from a spring close by.

"I am sorry there is no more bread," she said, pleasantly, "but you are welcome to this."

In a few moments the bread had disappeared.

"We thank you very much," said all the little women, in chorus, as they gathered round the fire. "And if we ever have the chance we will do so much for you."

"You are very kind," replied Gretchen.

They all fell to talking, and it was not long before Gretchen had told her story, which was dreary enough.

"My father does not like strangers," she said, hastily, as the loud laughing and shouting of Hans and his boon companions was borne on the air, "and you must be quiet while he is in the house. My bed is poor and small, but it is a little better than the bare ground," she added, smiling.

Hans was in a very ill humor. He raved and stormed a long time; finally seizing Gretchen, he thrust her out of doors, declaring he would kill her if she dared to enter the house again.

"Others can play at that game!" exclaimed several fine voices; and fast and furious fell the blows of the seven little women.

Hans growled savagely, and releasing his daughter, turned to his small antagonists, dealing heavy blows, but they were without avail. Crying out in rage and terror, Hans, seeing his efforts were in vain to conquer his foes, ignominiously fled, shouting for help.

Poor Gretchen wept bitterly as she fell to the ground. A light snow was falling, and the wind swept down from the mountain in wild, fierce gusts. She heard her father's cries of terror, and saw him flee toward the village, closely pursued by the seven little women.

It was not long before they came back, and the eldest rang a crystal bell. It was answered by a multitude of bells chiming through the valley, wood and plain, until the air was filled with music.

A beautiful little coach, drawn by seven milk white horses, appeared. A footman in splendid livery opened the door, and the seven little women, accompanied by Gretchen, entered, and the carriage rolled away. Stopping before a huge rock, which Gretchen had often climbed, the footman blew a shrill whistle, a door swung open, and the carriage rolled through a long avenue, shaded by trees laden with flowers and fruit, until it stopped before a superb palace.

There was the sound of music and laughter borne on the fragrant air.

"Her gracious majesty has come," said several voices, as they entered the palace.

"As the sleeping flowers haste to greet the sun at morn, so we haste to greet her highness, our loved cousin," replied the little women.

Gretchen was conducted to a chamber hung with blue and silver tapestry. The furniture was of ivory, covered with blue velvet, wrought with pearls. Oh, how beautiful it all was!

Presently a tiny lady entered, and making a queer little bow, said, "Princess Lalleen bade me dress you, for the Queen desires to see you."

"The Queen?" repeated Gretchen.

"Yes," was the reply, "the queen of the fairies."

"Oh, how glad I shall be to see her!" her eyes sparkling with pleasure; then added, humbly, "I am only little Gretchen Andersen, and I fear she will not be pleased."

"Ah!" was the kind reply; "her majesty is very kind, and loves good children. Princess Lalleen and her sisters have told how kind you were to them, and how you took care of a sparrow that a wicked boy wounded and left for dead, and many other things, also."

"It was nothing," blushed Gretchen.

While they were talking, the fairy had combed the young girl's hair, removed the ragged clothes, and dressed her in a robe white and soft as the summer clouds.

"You must be like the fairies while here," she said, as she led her to a mirror.

Gretchen scarcely recognized herself. She was no larger than her attendant; her hair hung in burnished waves about her waist, her dress looped with pearls and corals, tiny sprays swinging in her ears. She was then taken down an ivory staircase bordered with gold, a door was thrown open, and a footman called out, "The Earth-child!" and Gretchen found herself in a large room full of little people.

Princess Lalleen—the eldest of the seven little women—advanced to meet her. Taking her hand she led her to the further end of the room, where was a pearl throne thickly studded with diamonds. On the throne was the loveliest little creature Gretchen ever beheld. Her dress was of the tint of the inner leaves of a blushing rose, a tiny diamond sparkled on her brow, and a crystal wand, tipped with a blood-red ruby, was in her mite of a hand.

The princess bowed very low, as she stooped before the throne.

"Your gracious majesty," she said with an enchanting blush, "this earth-child was cast out into the bitter night, because she befriended myself and sisters. For that kind act we took the liberty to bring her here, knowing that you are the friend of the deserving."

There was a murmur sweet as the sound of the fountain's song at even, from the multitude of fairies, who said, with one voice, "Oh, beautiful Queen Alleen! friend of the deserving."

After the applause had died away the lovely Queen rose, and said, in a voice so sweet that Gretchen held her breath to listen, "You did quite right, my dear cousins. Ladies Bee and Butterfly, bring hither the scarfs woven from rainbows."

This was a great honor, and the seven sisters looked highly pleased, and murmured grateful thanks as they donned the scarfs.

"And now," continued the Queen, "bring a scarf of moonbeams, as a reward to the earth-child for her kindness."

There was a shout of approval from the fairies at this; and to Gretchen's wonder and delight, the Queen took a scarf that glinted like moonbeams on emerald leaves, and throwing it over her shoulders, said, "As long as you keep this we will watch over you. And now, my lords and ladies, away to supper and the dance."

Folding doors were thrown open, and Gretchen saw a long table bending beneath the most exquisite flowers and fruits, with daintly crystal dewdrops for drink in superbly traced cups. All was hilarity and mirth. A tiny chime of bells sounded, and, as if by magic, the table disappeared, merry music thrilled the listening air, and lovely couples whirled in the dance.

A smart little gentleman fairy, in a violet suit, bowed to Gretchen, and begged her to dance the next set with him. Just as they took their places, Gretchen felt herself shaken violently, and, opening her eyes, she saw her father bending anxiously over her.

"My little Gretchen," he exclaimed, eagerly. "I feared you had gone to your dear mother. I have good news for you, dear," kissing her fondly; "I have sworn never to taste another drop of drink again. Your uncle Gredel is going to America, that glorious golden land, and we will go with him."

Gretchen threw her arms about his neck, with a glad burst of tears.

"I am so glad," she cried, joyously. "This is better than staying with the fairies."

And she told her wonderful dream—or adventure—she scarcely knew which. Hans laughed merrily, as he listened.

He kept his word, and there is not a happier pair to be found than Hans Andersen and his daughter.

The Owl That Thought He Could Sing.

"What can bring the people into the groves to hear those nightingales sing?" said an owlet to his mother.

The old owl didn't know, neither did she care—she was very busy watching a bat.

"I am sure I have as fine a voice as a nightingale, and far stronger."

"Stronger, certainly, my son," said his mother, with a blink, for the bat had escaped.

"Well, I shall go into the grove to-night, and give them a song," said the owlet.

The owl opened her round eyes very wide, but said nothing.

Accordingly, when night came, and the hour for the sweet trilling of the singing birds drew near, he flew heavily along, and placed himself in a conspicuous part of the grove, that he might be seen and heard to a proper advantage.

Now, the nightingales did not by any means admire the prospect either of his company or his co-operation in their concert; so those who were bent on singing sought another grove, while those that were content to be quiet for the night kept snugly at roost.

"Where can the nightingales be to-night?" said the people who came to hear them.

Upon this the owlet set up a hoot so loud that it nearly frightened them into fits.

"That creature has terrified them, and scared them away," said one. "I'll soon dispatch him; where's my gun?"

But the owlet took the hint, and before the gun came he had got back to his mother.

"Your feathers are ruffled, my son. Have you been singing?"

The owlet reluctantly related his disgrace and narrow escape.

"It is just what I expected, and I am glad you are safe back."

"Then why did you let me go?" said the owlet, angrily.

"Because I was sure it was a point on which nothing but experience could convince you. I don't understand music, and cannot tell why people should take the trouble to go and hear nightingales sing, and at the same time shoot owls for hooting, but I know it is so. There is much difference in our voices, which I can myself discern every time I hoot. Ours may be superior, for anything I know; but as the prejudice of the public mind is strongly on the other side, I shouldn't think of disputing the point. And, probably, now that you have experienced the effect of your performance on their ears, you will be satisfied, with me, to leave them alone in their mistake."

FORGIVE AND FORGET.—I heard two little girls talking under my window. One of them said, in a voice full of indignation:

"If I were in your place I'd never speak to her again. I'd be angry with her as long as I lived."

I listened, feeling anxious about the reply. My heart beat more lightly when it came.

"No, Lou," answered the other, in a sweet and gentle voice. "I wouldn't do so for all the world. I'm going to forgive and forget just as soon as I can."

ECONOMY is the parent of integrity, of liberty, and of ease; and the sister of temperance, of cheerfulness, and health. And profuseness is a cruel and crafty demon, that gradually involves her followers in dependence and debt—that is, fetters them with irons "irons that enter into their souls."

BELIEVE nothing against another but upon good authority; no report that may hurt another, unless it be a greater hurt to others to conceal it.

THE NINETY AND NINE.

There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold;
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold,
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.
"Lord, thou hast here thy ninety and nine:
Are they not enough for thee?"
But the Shepherd made answer: "This of mine
Has wandered away from me:
And, although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find my sheep."
But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed;
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through
Ere he found his sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert he heard its cry—
Sick and helpless and ready to die.

"Lord, whence are those blood drops all the way
That mark out the mountain's track?"
"They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
"Lord, whence are thy hands so rent and torn?"
"They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

And all through the mountains thunder riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven:
"Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the throne:
"Rejoice! For the Lord brings back his own!"

—*As sung by Mr. Sankey.*

THE LOST DIAMOND.

By MRS. MARGARET HOSMER,

Author of "Mystery of the Reef," "The White Girl of the Ridge," Etc.

[This serial was commenced in No. 9, Vol. 55. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XVI.

FLIGHT.

Barbara dropped on her knees beside Norah's prostrate form, and placed her hand tremblingly over her heart.

"It is a faint!" she exclaimed in a thankful tone; "she will soon recover and explain this mystery. Oh, Miss Evelyn! for the sake of mercy don't condemn the poor thing unheard!"

"I do not condemn any one," answered Miss St. Croix, in a cold, metallic voice. "It is my curse to see all that I ever put faith in prove unworthy and false—to have the mask of honesty and truth drop off every face I have learned to love and believe in. This wretched girl is the last. I knew it must come, but I prayed that I might cherish this delusion a little longer, for I had grown to be fond, truly fond of the young hypocrite."

She uttered these words with a bitter regret, and turned away from the reviving girl with a look of frowning aversion.

"Oh, Miss Evelyn!" cried Barbara, catching at her skirts as she passed towards the door, "don't leave her yet; wait until she recovers her power of speaking and thinking clearly, and I am sure she will explain all. She could not have known what you meant in your accusation, or she could never have confessed to it by word or sign. Please be patient a moment. See! she knows us both now, and will answer plainly if you ask her."

Miss St. Croix had swept towards the library door, but, at her waiting-woman's entreaty, she stopped still with her hand on the knob, and looked down for an instant at the prostrate girl whose deathly white face seemed to shrink from meeting her cold and angry eyes.

"Do you want me to stay and hear your protest of innocence?" she asked, and her glance seemed to penetrate with piercing keenness into Norah's very soul. "Have you proof to offer that you are guiltless of this theft?"

Norah thought of her sister, and the shuddering suspicion that had fastened upon her mind in connection with Rhoda and the lost diamonds.

"Not yet; give me time to think. Please spare me for a little while," she faltered in a weak, frightened tone.

Barbara's heart sank hopelessly, for she saw her mistress turn with a frown of contempt from the girl whom she considered a cowardly culprit, who had committed a crime for which she felt no remorse, and was only moved now by a fear of consequences. She left the room, closing the door sharply behind her.

"There, girl, your last chance is gone!" exclaimed the waiting-woman, desperately. "I know her well, and I am sure you'll never have another opportunity with Miss Evelyn St. Croix."

Norah made no reply, but she rose unsteadily to her feet, and, pushing back the falling curls of her shining hair from her cold, damp brow, she seemed to try and think what she had best do in the desperate position in which she found herself.

She looked at the jewel case that lay open as it had done the day before, and heartily wished that she could close her eyes and shut out the scene she had just passed through as a dreadful dream.

A haunting terror of her sister's guilt had sealed her lips against a denial on her own part. Rhoda was so easily misled, and had confessed to such a false and improper view of society—money had become so tempting to the poor girl, and her longing to possess the splendors of life so great, that she did not dare to think how far temptation and opportunity combined might have led her.

"If I could only see her and implore her to restore the gem and avert the fearful results of such a mad act," she thought.

Barbara's puzzled and distracted gaze rested on her while her keen ears were listening intently for a footstep in the hall outside. Suddenly she started, and a look of heightened distress convulsed her features.

"It is as I feared; she is enraged and pitiless," she said. "Wait here until I return."

She opened the door, closed it behind her, and called to some one passing through the entry.

A murmur of conversation between them reached Norah's ears, and presently, with a still more troubled countenance, Barbara reappeared.

There was an added trepidation in her manner, and she spoke excitedly.

"It is as I feared," she said, hastily; "Miss Evelyn has suffered terribly from deceit and evil in those she loved, until now she has no pity left. She remembers her wrongs, and sees in those who offend her victims for past suffering, and her thirst for vengeance is mistaken by her for a love of justice."

Barbara paused for breath, while she fixed on Norah a glance scarcely less sparing in its scrutiny than the one Miss Miss St. Croix had bent upon her.

"Are you willing to be searched?" she asked.

"Yes, yes; but what then?"

"Are you ready to undergo a legal examination—to be questioned on oath about everything that has happened within your knowledge for the last twenty-four hours?"

"I don't know—I think not—that is, I am fearful——"

She paused, and broke down suddenly; her terror for Rhoda's safety pressed on her like a nightmare and paralyzed all her powers.

Barbara's sharp eyes still held hers, and her colorless lips were pressed closely together as she thought deeply.

"Humph!" she muttered, in an undertone; and, as if speaking to herself, "That must be the solution."

Though the good woman gave no fuller outward expression to it, it was quite plain that she had arrived at an inward conclusion concerning the conduct of the accused girl, that was at least partially satisfactory to her own mind.

On that conclusion she at once began to act in a hurried manner, as if she knew well there was no time to be lost.

"Listen, Norah," she said, in an unmistakably clear and earnest voice. "I have warned you of what has come to pass—that is, I have told you to expect a merciless judge in Miss St. Croix if you twice offended her, therefore you must be prepared for what has happened and what is happening. I heard the footstep of a servant just now—I had listened, expecting it—and going out, found it to be as I feared. She has sent for an officer, and means to deliver you up to the law."

"Oh, mercy!" cried Norah, wildly. "How could she be so cruel, so unjust; I who never wronged her even in thought—who——"

"She reasons that if you are guiltless you will gladly seize an opportunity to right yourself, and need fear nothing. She will be the first to acknowledge your innocence, if you can but prove it."

"I dare not—I must have time," reiterated Norah, helplessly.

"Then fly; it is your only hope," said Barbara, in a whisper. "Have your wits about you, for I tell you truly there is not one single instant to lose."

"Where shall I go?" exclaimed Norah, helplessly. "What shall I do?"

"Leave this house, to begin with. I will see you as soon as I can, and tell you what to do next—that is, if I understand the case aright."

And again the waiting-woman bent her searching eyes on Norah's face.

The poor girl, uncertain and perturbed as she was, still stood irresolute.

"I shall be flying like a thief," she murmured, in an agony of indecision. "I shall be thought an ingrate and a base deceiver. Oh, what shall I do!"

"Do!" reiterated Barbara. "Why, be just to yourself, and let those who sin suffer for their own misdeeds. Stand your ground, and when the principal officer from the station arrives, tell him the whole truth, and fear nothing."

She said this in no tone of persuasion, but with her curious gaze still reading the face on which it was bent, as if she looked to see the effect of every word she uttered.

When she named the officer of the police station, the ghastly pallor of her listener's face turned to a bright crimson, and she caught at the chair-back nearest her as if for support.

It was the man who had suspected her of stealing Mr. Bland's watch, and a second accusation would fix her guilt in his eyes!

The fatal effect of appearances startled her. Perhaps her terrors had been unfounded after all, and maybe poor Rhoda could explain everything.

"Let me go at once!" she cried, aloud, "as you say I have not a moment to lose."

Barbara opened the library door.

"Make a small parcel to carry with you, it will be necessary," she said, "and I will remain here till you come back."

She pointed to the stairs at the further end of the hall, the smaller stairway that was distant from Miss Evelyn's chamber, and, running up to her room by that way, Norah soon possessed herself of her coat and hat and a few small articles that she made into a bundle. As she was quitting her chamber with a beating heart, her eye caught the French book that Alfred had sent her by his groom. It was her own. He had purchased it and written her name in the fly leaf, and she could not resist the longing to carry away something that he had touched, something that was part of the happy time now so distant, so terribly sundered from the wretched present.

She found Barbara waiting with a wan, anxious face, and her eyes directed to the closed door of her mistress' chamber.

"Now," was all she said, and led the way to the front door, where Norah turned for an instant and flung herself on her breast.

"You are true to me under all this dreary trouble," she said. "God bless you, and repay you for your kindness and faith!"

The waiting-woman did not respond in words, but she pressed the poor girl for a single instant silently to her heart, and then with a look of inexpressible feeling towards the house she had entered under such peculiar circumstances, and in which until that wretched day when the face of Matt Brice had appeared before her as her evil genius, she had lived in prosperity and happiness—and which she was now leaving like an outcast and a criminal — Norah turned and fled swiftly from the scene.

CHAPTER XVII.

A TRAP.

As Norah kept her way with almost headlong speed in the direction of her mother's residence, a short, thick, elderly woman, dressed in black like a widow, came round a corner as if purposely and allowed herself to be hastily jostled by the hurrying fugitive.

Affecting sudden weakness, the person in black caught herself from falling and uttered a groan, grasping her side meantime as if in pain.

"Did I hurt you?" asked Norah, breathlessly, and in an apologetic tone. "Oh, I am so sorry; it was rude and careless I confess, but I am in great haste, and I really did not see you at all."

Instead of replying, the stranger caught by Norah's arm for support, and breathed with great apparent difficulty.

"Poor thing," exclaimed the unselfish girl, forgetting her own distress for the moment; "lean on me, and tell me what I can do for you. Shall I try and get you a glass of water?"

She looked at the entrance to a large dwelling near which they stood, and made as though she would ring the bell, but the woman caught her hand.

"No, no, I am better now, but still very weak," she said, in a low, insinuating tone. "I am subject to dangerous turns when I am startled like I was just now, and for a minute or two I was afraid I was going to have a very bad one. It is awful to be took in the street in this way, and I can't help shaking all over when I think of it."

She clung still more closely to the sympathetic girl at her side, and trembled so that Norah needed all her strength to support her.

"All I am afraid of is that I cannot reach home alone," said the poor soul, in a half cry. "Oh, if I could only beg you to go a little way with me, but that is asking too much I suppose from such a fine young lady. Them that is rich and fortunate can't be expected to feel for poor weak creatures that are old and dependent."

"I am not rich," said Norah, earnestly, "nor am I sufficiently fortunate and happy to be able to forget my interest in those who suffer. I am to blame for having alarmed you by my thoughtless haste, and I shall be very glad to go with you and lend you my strength to help you on the rest of your way."

The strange woman in black actually clutched Norah's arm, so tight and vigorous was the grasp with which she held it at these words.

"This way, this way," she said, suddenly gaining strength, and moving off swiftly down a side street.

Norah was surprised at the pace she so quickly adopted, and seeing that, the woman sank back again into her former difficulty of movement.

"Oh, deary me!" she sighed; "what a comfort a young gal like you would be to me if I had such a one for my own. I'm not so badly off in money as you might think, my lovey, and I would do well for a young person that would be willing to live with me as a kind of daughter."

She wheezed and coughed as she said this, and yet Norah found her small ferret-like eyes were fixed on her with a sharp stare, though they turned away quick when she met them with her own.

"Are you better? do you feel strong enough to walk alone?" she inquired solicitously, for her recollection of her own troubles returned upon her as she began to feel suspicious of the strange old woman's real weakness, and she tried to free herself from the tightening grasp that held her captive and kept drawing her on towards a part of the town she would rather have avoided, since its associations were of the most painful character, and brought back shuddering memories of cold and want and degradation.

"No, lovey," mumbled her companion, "I ain't able to get on without holding on by some one. It's my head that's so awful dizzy, and my heart beats, it does, as if it was a-coming to pieces. Oh, deary me, them that's well and strong can't feel for the afflicted, it can't be expected, but you seem like a sweet good young miss. Let me carry your bundle for you."

By a sudden movement she possessed herself of her companion's parcel, and drew the reluctant girl's arm yet more firmly within her own.

Though she still shuffled on in an affectation of weakness and faltering, she managed to get over the ground at a smart rate, and Norah felt that she was barely keeping up with her, and saw at last that her fainting and feebleness had been all a pretense.

Looking into her face in some agitation and alarm she found it to be red and somewhat bloated, and that its natural expression—which had been at first vailed by a smile of deep designing cajolery—was one of low cunning and cruel obstinacy.

They were in a dirty lane west of Graff's great factories, and the daylight was growing dim. It seemed, when she looked back on it, inexplicable to the frightened Norah how she could have been drawn block by block so far out of her way, and how she could have in the first place yielded such ready credence to the deceitful old woman's story.

The neighborhood was not one to inspire her with courage for an effort of resistance, for it had always borne a bad name as the abode of a colony of roughs and vagrant vermin that swarmed in the filthy sheds and hovels of which it was composed.

But she determined, come what would, to be drawn no further in such company, and so stood still resolutely.

"I must go home," she said, trying to conceal any alarm she might feel. "I think you are able to go the rest of your way alone, and I cannot accompany you any farther."

"Oh, don't be hard on a poor, lonely, weak old woman who has taken a strong fancy to you, my pretty bird," said the old hag, cajolingly. "See here, it's only a few steps further, and then you can leave with a clear conscience. It was you upset me with fright in the street, and it's your duty not to leave me till I'm safe at my own place."

She squeezed her arm which she still held like a vice, and kept moving on, actually dragging Norah over the broken, muddy pavements with her, despite her efforts to shake herself loose and break away.

"Let me go, I will go!" exclaimed she, struggling. "You are some dreadful impostor. I feel you are, and this is some wicked trick to injure me. Give me my parcel, it is mine, and you have no right to snatch it from me. Give it to me, or I will call for help!"

At this threat, the mask in which Mother Webb—for it was she—had clothed her evil old face, and which had been wearing thinner and thinner, fell off entirely, and her depraved and pitiless countenance was bared before the terrified Norah.

"Hold your noise if you value your skin, my beauty," she said, in a coarse and threatening tone. "You may spare yourself the trouble of trying to get out of my clutches, for it can't be done. We've been too long nabbing you to let you go so easy, and the best thing for you is to keep quiet and obey."

There was not a single creature in sight save two ragged and wretched-looking children toiling home with a miserable pair of baskets filled with broken victuals they had been begging for their thieving or drunken parents, and in the squalid shanty opposite to which they were, lay a mud-stained and degraded male figure in a revolting heap across the miserable entrance to an unseemly dwelling.

The old woman took in the despairing look Norah had cast about her, as she struggled vainly to throw off her hold, and she added, half persuasively and half in mockery:

"It is not worth while to waste your breath in crying for help here; it would only get me down on you, and I'd rather do the fair thing if you'll let me. Come on, don't try to shake me off, it can't be done, young 'un, and so I tell you."

"What do you want of me? what can be the object of dragging me with you against my will?" demanded Norah, gaining courage from desperation.

"Never you mind that, it's our affair, and we know what we are about. No, no, you needn't mind feeling for your purse; 'tain't for money we are after you; at least not such money as you could offer. Come along quiet, and it will be all right, I promise you; but if you attempt a row, I'll swear you'll find out to your own cost we won't stand such a game no how."

At that instant Moll Patchell's head appeared in view at the corner they were approaching, and then disappeared again like a flash.

The effect of this apparition was to subdue Norah instantly. She ceased to strive against her resolute old captor, and suffered herself to be pulled along at Mrs. Webb's pleasure.

"This is what Molly meant, this is what she warned me of, and I have foolishly walked with open eyes into the trap!" she thought.

She was almost paralyzed at discovering herself in the power of a designing hag, whom she had at first sight taken for an ailing old woman, but Norah had not until the head of Moll appeared in view connected the base deceiver with any former source of alarm she had had. The glance of Moll's eyes was of but a moment's duration, but in it she read that the worst evil she feared was fulfilled, and her terror increased four-fold, while her struggles ceased.

But alarm only brightened her wits, and she saw that by the aid of her own single strength she had no chance of escape.

If her cunning could not aid her, she was powerless in Mother Webb's hands; in that foul locality a word from the unscrupulous hag would bring her evil allies to her aid, and doubly increase the miserable captive's danger.

"Where are you taking me to?" she asked, gazing into her companion's face to see if she, too, had observed Moll's momentary appearance on the scene.

"You will see," was all the reply she got, but she felt sure from the tone she had not discovered the beggar girl.

Would Moll be able to help her? she had been her friend so truly, had watched over and warned her so faithfully, would her care continue, or would she be angered by Norah's falling into the very pit she had charged her to avoid?

As Norah questioned herself thus, she reached the corner where Moll had been, and found a crooked lane running through brick fields towards one of Graff's buildings. A few tall, attenuated poplars bordered the irregular way, and the sunken pits that had been used by the brickburners were now half filled with green and stagnant water, round which weeds and nettles grew rank and tall.

All along the road she saw before them were a few wretched sheds and great wastes of weed-bordered common. On the other side was a disused slaughter-house and a tall brick wall, behind which was a bone-burning place.

Desolate, far from human help, in the power of a malignant and repellant wretch who had lured her thither by foul deceit, Norah felt herself drawn onward to what seemed to her frightened senses like a yawning pit of destruction.

"I am younger, stronger and more agile than this terrible woman," she thought, collecting all her courage for a final struggle, as she saw in the distance a row of tumble-down buildings, and felt instinctively from the woman's fixed gaze in that direction that they were their destination.

On the opposite side of the road they were approaching was an opening, that seemed like a lane between the wall of the bone-kiln and the decayed and fallen timbers of the slaughter-house.

"When we reach that spot I will fling her off with all my strength, and run," said Norah to herself, resolutely. "It is my last chance, and may heaven give me strength to take advantage of it!"

She raised her eyes appealingly above, and saw the stars were coming out in the dim twilight sky. She thought of her mother and Rhoda, of Barbara and the noble lady so terribly incensed against her, of the shameful crime of which she stood accused, and, above all, of the absent Alfred, her protector, her best beloved of all on earth. Yes, even though he had left her without a word, and by his strange conduct to Rhoda had encouraged her folly that had ended so fatally for them all.

"For Alfred Falconer's sake, though I should never see his face nor hear the music of his voice again, I pray to live in freedom that I may scatter the cloud that darkens my life, and by Heaven's aid snatch my darling sister from the sin and temptations that threaten her path!"

She almost uttered this aspiration aloud; her lips moved, and the cunning harridan whom her apparent submission had only served to place on her guard, watched her sharply and suspiciously, tightening the grasp on her arm until it became almost unbearable.

They were near the opening lane, very near, and Norah held her breath and nerved herself for the great effort.

They were up with it now, and with a frantic force the girl sprang back, raised her arms and flung free of the grasp of Mother Webb for one instant. The next they closed, struggling together, the short old woman, with muscles like iron and hands trained in many a bloody struggle, gaining on the lithe and slender girl at every turn.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A RESCUE.

There were steps approaching, hasty steps that sounded like a man's. Norah heard them, and redoubled her struggles with frenzied desperation, for she thought only of Matt Brice, and knew that the toils of her enemies were closing round her, and her hope of escape lay in the faint chance of the moment.

She tried to keep the old wretch from grasping her throat, but Mother Webb was trained to such work, and her knotty sinews seemed to grow in strength, while Norah's untried muscles soon relaxed, and only her will and desperate terror gave her power to wrestle with her fate.

A blow of the villainous old woman's hand fell heavily on her temples, the blood spurted in her eyes, and a deadly

sickness seized her, her brain seemed to reel, and her powerless hands gave up their hold.

She felt the hard, wiry fingers of the hag upon her throat, and choked and gurgled for failing breath; the scene around seemed to flash up in a sudden crimson light that went out quickly in murky darkness, and she sank to the earth, just as a strong hand seized her enemy with no gentle hold, and flung her off like a feather. It was the man whose footsteps she had heard, and his stout arm raised and upheld her as she was falling. She opened her eyes, and though the air seemed full of fiery sparks, and her sight still wavered, she beheld her rescuer, and knew that he was not Matt Brice, but George Bland, her friend Maud's lover!

He was trembling from passion or excitement; she felt his whole form shake as he supported her, and his voice was unsteady, too, as he addressed the enraged and crouching wretch from whose fangs he had snatched her, commanding her to begone, and save herself from the vengeance of the law, which she had so fully outraged in insulting and trying to abduct a helpless girl.

The woman had stood scowling and dodging, as if expecting a blow from an arm her strength dared not cope with, but at the sound of the gentleman's voice, her face and attitude changed as if by magic; she grew bold and defiant, and made an effort to again seize upon her loosened prey.

"That gal belongs to me; she's been trying to make off with goods of mine, and I'm bound to take her home and make her settle up fair before she cuts off and leaves me in the lurch. That's my right, and who are you, George Tyrrell, to dare to interfere with an honest woman's property and make trouble for yourself, my covey!"

She thrust her evil looking countenance, with its most threatening and malignant look upon it, close to his face as she said this, and terrified and confused as Norah was, clinging to him for help and safety, she could not be unconscious of the effect of the woman's words.

His lips grew deadly white, and his voice refused to obey his efforts at speech. Still his protecting arm never relaxed his hold on the rescued girl, and he held the old woman at bay with his extended right hand.

"What you say is false," he said, at length, huskily; "the girl is not one of your gang, but an innocent young lady, against whom you harbor some fiendish design. Begone, I scorn your threats, I do not know you, nor heed your words."

"There Nan Tyrrell's son is above noticing his mother's pal, is he?" and the hag laughed discordantly. "He's on the honest dodge now, and wants to cut his old friends, ha! ha! ha!"

"Come, my dear girl; lean on me and feel safe, I will protect you with my life," he said to Norah, turning resolutely from the enraged woman, and making an effort to lead his charge away from the scene.

His manner had resumed its calmness and his voice was low and steady, but his arm still trembled, and the hand he placed assuringly on hers was dead cold.

Mother Webb was not disposed to yield him such an easy victory.

With a yell like a roused maniac, she sprang upon him, and tried to tear Norah from his arms.

"Give her up, you devil's cub?" she screamed. "Your mother had a will like a rock, and used to try and master me, but I ain't to be cowed by her son, I swear I ain't. Let the girl come with me, or I'll blow on you to your sweetheart. I'll let old Graff's lady daughter know the kind of bird she's petting, and pull off your borrowed feathers that make you look so fine and noble. Ha! ha! you open your eyes, do you; you begin to see that old Mother Webb has claws that won't stand any one's fooling without a scratchin'."

He did indeed wince at the creature's threat; through all her fear and excitement, Norah marked him quail and shudder when the name of the girl he loved passed the woman's lips, but he did not loosen his hold or yield an inch.

"Do what you will, and proclaim what you please," he said, sternly, "but begone now if you value your freedom. I have a whistle in my breast, and in another moment I shall have summoned the laggard police to my aid and given you in their charge for the crime I have thwarted you in committing. Nothing but my desire to save this shrinking girl from publicity has protected you so far."

"You lie!" shrieked Mother Webb; "fear of your own disgrace keeps you quiet, and you know it well. But it shan't save you with me. George Tyrrell, you have brought trouble on your head with this night's work, and made an enemy, till death, of Sally Webb, your mother's old pal. You've done me this time, but I swear I'll pay you good measure for your job. I'll drag you down and wring the heart of your pretty wench if I have to swing for it, I swear I will."

She made a wild and threatening gesture, flinging out her right arm denouncingly, and then turning quickly, shuffled away towards the slums at her swiftest pace.

Norah, left alone with her protector, turned to him remorsefully.

"God bless you for coming to my aid, dear sir," she exclaimed, fervently. "You saved me from a horror I dare not contemplate, for my strength was gone and I could struggle no longer. But I have ill repaid your bravery and goodness by bringing you into trouble with that dreadful woman. Do you fear her? have you any cause to dread her power?"

She asked the question gravely and simply, and turned her tender, anxious eyes full on his troubled face.

He answered her in the same tone, as if her earnestness drew the truth from him.

"Yes, I have cause to fear her greatly."

"Are you guilty, then?"

The question sprang to her lips and passed them unawares, the next instant she regretted it, and cried, hastily:

"Do not answer me. I have no right to ask. I should only thank you humbly and gratefully for your goodness to me."

He caught her hands in his and looked into her eyes steadily, as he replied:

"I must answer you. Do you remember where and how we first met?"

"Yes." Her voice was low, and her head drooped as she recalled the scene in the bitter stormy night when she stood cowering before him in her rags and want.

"When I saw you again under such circumstances, my first thought was to doubt you," he continued, "but now I look into your eyes and listen to your voice, I feel you are a true, pure-hearted, honest girl. Can you be as generous to me, though appearances are against me now?"

"I can, I will," she responded, ardently, "I shall always see in you the brave and noble rescuer of my life and liberty; nothing can make me doubt you, or cast a shadow on your name."

She pressed the hand that held her own to her lips in intense gratitude, and her warm tears fell on it.

"Heaven bless you for your faith, dear child," he murmured, in a broken voice, and then turning from the place of their late encounter, he led her through the lane towards a lighted street beyond.

"My horse and chaise are here," he explained. "I leave my foundry about this hour generally, and was on the point of entering my carriage when an excited looking girl, wretchedly clad and carrying a large basket, dashed up to me and implored me to hurry to the rescue of a young lady who was being abducted by one of the worst and least merciful of thief-trainers. I made all the haste I could, and was not a moment too soon, as you know."

"It was Moll, dear, kind Moll Patchell," murmured Norah, in faltering tone. "Oh, what can I do to repay that poor child's unselfish devotion!"

"Here is the carriage," said Mr. Bland; he had quite recovered his usual quiet and dignified manner, and assisted her into the seat beside him with thoughtful care and kindness.

"I am going to my mother's house in Elm street to-night," said Norah, her old trouble at Miss St. Croix, which had been almost forgotten in the excitement through which she had just passed, rushing back on her mind with renewed pain and violence as she recalled her flight from Courtland Terrace.

Without any comment on the circumstance, or, indeed, any effort at conversation during their ride, Mr. Bland drove her there, and, springing out, assisted her to alight.

"Good-bye, and God bless and prosper you for your goodness to me," she exclaimed, fervently, as they parted.

"If you have anything to tell me that you can trust me to know—if there is any danger threatens or difficulty distress you, come to me as you would to a brother who yearns to serve you," was his reply.

He sprang into the carriage and was gone, while Norah stood overcome on the doorstep, and her mother, with the open door in her hand, gazed at her with surprise and pleasure.

"Why this is a treat, dear," said kind Mrs. Eldrige. "Two evenings in succession is a great favor for Miss St. Croix to spare you to us."

"Where is Rhoda?" Norah asked, kissing her mother by way of reply to her welcome.

Mrs. Eldrige looked troubled.

"She's going to a party at the house of one of the girls from Madame Lafoure's," she exclaimed; "but, now that you are come, I hope she will stay at home. Norah, I don't like so much party-going and gay doings as those girls carry on. It has changed Rhoda from a modest girl into a bold young woman, and given her no end of fine airs. You who live in the midst of the quality are not half as lofty as she is, and I'm sure I don't know what she means by the vanity and ambition she indulges in, and where it is all to end."

"I am going to stay home a little while," said Norah, slowly, and in a voice that broke in spite of her efforts to keep it steady. "I need a little quiet, and—and Barbara said I'd better come here and—and rest a little."

She had considered how best to impart this necessity to her mother, and yet spare her as much as possible. She firmly believed the dreadful business of the lost jewel would clear itself in some way, and that heaven would not suffer her innocence to always wear the appearance of guilt. While she waited and prayed to be guided right in her difficulty, she would not make her good parent suffer a useless pang.

"I am so glad," cried the simple woman, clasping her hands thankfully. "I didn't want to complain, Norah, but, indeed, indeed, we need you. Go up and see Rhoda now, and do beg her to stop at home, if you can."

Norah obeyed her mother's injunction. She was glad to get away while the room was dimly lighted, lest her own pale and disordered appearance might betray something of the scene she had passed through, and, running upstairs, she found her sister in the front chamber before a brilliantly lighted glass dressing her hair.

On the bed lay a gaudily trimmed tarleton evening dress, and Rhoda was busy braiding her hair in the most ultra style of the reigning fashion, while on a velvet cushion before her was a variety of jewelry that seemed quite profuse to belong to a milliner's apprentice.

"Why, Norah!" she exclaimed, with more surprise than pleasure. "Who would have thought of seeing you here to-night, and what is the matter? Your dress is torn, and your face scratched. Good gracious, you look as if you'd been in a fight!"

"I met with an accident," said Norah, looking at the carpet, "in the street. I fell and hurt myself. It does not signify."

"Well, I must say you look pretty well overcome, considering that it does not signify," retorted Rhoda, doubtfully. "I think you'd better have mother bind up your head. There! now I've brushed your curls away, I see that it is cut dreadfully! Oh, Norah, you'll be quite disfigured, and your forehead is really one of your great beauties. I'll call mother at once, and have her help you."

"No, you won't!" exclaimed Norah, rushing between her and the door. "I'll wash my face and change my dress, and she must know nothing about it. Oh, mercy! I have lost my parcel and my book!"

Making this discovery for the first time, Norah turned paler than ever, and dropped into a chair. Rhoda, who for all her vanity and passion for excitement was not really unkind, brought a basin of water and began to wipe the blood from the wound her sister had tried to conceal, meantime plying her with questions about the accident.

But Norah's eyes had caught the glitter of a gem upon the bureau, and nearly overturning her sister in her haste, she sprang towards it and caught it in her hand.

"Miss St. Croix's diamonds!" she ejaculated, in a voice of terror. "Oh, Rhoda, Rhoda! how could you! how could you!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ONLY GOING TO THE GATE.

BY ETHEL LYNN.

Like a bell of blossom ringing,
Clear and childish, shrill and sweet,
Floating to the porch's shadow
With the fainter fall of feet,
Comes this answer softly backward,
Bidding tender watcher wait,
While the Baby Queen out runs her;
"Only going to the gate."

Through the moonlight warm and scented,
Love to beauty breathes his sigh,
Lingering to leave reluctant,
Loth to speak the low good-bye;
Then the same old echo answers,
Waiting love of older date,
And the maiden whispers backward,
"Only going to the gate."

Oh, these gates along our pathway,
What they bar, outside and in!
With the vague outlook beyond them!
Over ways we have not been!
How they stand before, behind us,
Toll-gates some, with price to pay,
Spring gates some, that shut forever;
Cloud-gates some, that melt away!

Just across their slender weavings
Troth-plight happy hands have crossed;
Yet its locks have rusted ruddy,
Or its keys in night-shade lost.
Over latches softly falling,
Good-bye prayers have dropped like dew;
Little gateways, softly shutting,
Ye have cut a love in two.

So we pass them going upward
On our journey, one by one,
To the distant shining wicket
Where each traveler goes alone;
Where the friends who journey with us
Strangely falter, stop and wait;
Father, mother, child or lover,
Only going to the gate!

A PERILOUS VOYAGE.

BY G. MANVILLE FENN.

We had not been ten days at sea before my mind misgave me, and I began to dread an unfortunate termination to our voyage, for matters had gone wrong from the very beginning. There had been trouble with the crew, who seemed to have an idea that perennial drunkenness was the proper state of man's existence; and who, as long as a sixpence lasted, obstinately refused to go on board, in many cases having to be hauled from the wharf over the side like so much suspended animation. Then when we had been warped out into the river, and were lying awaiting the captain, we found that he had been taken suddenly and violently ill, so that a week's delay followed, ending in a fresh appointment, and the coming of a new captain—a man of a quiet genial aspect, whose presence seemed to augur a termination of our troubles, and he was welcomed accordingly.

I had taken my passage to Buenos Ayres, with the full intention of roughing it for some years to come, and therefore I argued that it would be cowardly to turn tail at the first trouble that fell to my share. But really it was trying work, in spite of the strongest determination. The sailors were soon in that pleasant state of despondent misery which succeeds a long debauch, and, as if giving the unfortunate passengers the credit of being the cause of their sufferings, lost no opportunity of visiting the said sufferings upon their heads. But by dint of good-temper, this was all pretty well got over, in time for the rough weather we encountered down Channel, and right away across the Bay of Biscay, sufficiently bad to confine us all, sick and well, below hatches, for many a dreary day of pitching and tossing, with the ship's timbers groaning and creaking to a degree that seemed to threaten falling to pieces.

A couple of day's respite came at last in the shape of fine weather; and in the re-action produced by the bright sunshine, and free brisk air we breathed on deck, the troubles of the past were forgotten. The captain still seemed all that was genial and pleasant; but there was a flushed and heavy look in his countenance that I did not like, and before long I had another opinion upon the subject; for, in conversation, I found that the second mate had been at the same school as myself; and together we went over the old days and compared notes, as I walked the deck with him far into his watch.

The weather turned foul once more, but this time, through the mate, I contrived to stay on deck, when to my surprise, I found that the greater part of the duty was shifted on the chief mate, the captain seldom showing himself on deck.

"No, I don't think it's from cowardice," said my friend to me, as we walked the deck that night, when the gale had somewhat moderated. "Of course this is in confidence."

I nodded.

"Well," he continued, "I don't know what to make of him; sometimes, I think he's mad, and sometimes that he is given to drinking. How he got appointed to this ship, I can't tell. Mr. Ray don't say anything, but he is one of those men who think all the more; and of course he'll be particularly careful, lest the captain should think that, as first mate, he is jealous because the command was not placed in his hands."

No more was then said; but before many days had passed we found that the man who had been entrusted with a fine vessel, a valuable cargo, and more than all, the lives of passengers and crew, was one of those unfortunate beings who not content with the enjoyment of good things of this life, are in the habit of having intemperate outbreaks, when the impulse to drink commencing, perhaps, with the stimulants taken in some time of peril, grows perfectly uncontrollable, and culminates at length in one of those horrible fits of mania known as delirium tremens.

The days glided slowly by with varying weather. The hot latitudes were reached. We were seated one evening, watching the last glow of the setting sun, when Anderson, the second-mate, made the remark that he thought a change was coming; and then our attention was taken up by Mr. Ray passing close by us, and descending as if to the captain's cabin.

"How has he been to-day?" I said, as Mr. Ray disappeared.

"Worse than ever," was the reply. "If I were Ray, I'd make a prisoner of him, and take sole command. He'd be quite justified in so doing."

Further conversation was cut short by the re-appearance of the mate, who beckoned hastily to my companion.

"Something wrong!" he exclaimed, as he leaped to his feet; and quite as quickly I followed him to the hatchway.

"Good heavens, Anderson!" exclaimed Mr. Ray, "what's to be done? He's raving mad."

"Have you no medicines?" I said.

"Medicines? Yes; but how are we to deal with a man in his state? Just listen."

In effect, as he ceased speaking, there came from below the sound of breaking chairs, smashing glass, and a noise as of some one leaping from side to side of the cabin, followed by a tremendous battering at the door.

"I've locked him in," said Ray, "for he's not fit to come on deck. But get help, and we must secure him, and strap him into a cot."

A short consultation was held; and then it was decided to call one of the seamen, a sturdy quiet man, and to do all as quietly as possible, so as not to alarm the rest of the passengers and crew.

Anderson fetched the old sailor, who came rolling up, turning the lump of tobacco in his mouth; and from his remark it was evident he had been enlightened upon the business in hand.

"Ah," he growled, "what a thing it is as any one will go on wasting precious liquors, and turning blessings into poison? I knowed this would be the end on it."

"Don't preach, man," said Ray, angrily, "but come along. Now look here," he whispered, as we descended; "as soon as I open the door, all step quietly in together. He'll dash at us the same as he did at me a while ago; but he can only tackle one man at once, so that while he is engaged the others must secure him."

We had hardly nerved ourselves for our task, and the mate was holding up his hand as a signal as he unlocked the door, when we were staggered by the sharp report of a pistol, simultaneous with which there was a dull thud close by my ear; and I started back with the knowledge that a bullet had just passed through the cabin-door and whistled by my head. Then came a loud harsh laugh, followed by a couple more pistol-shots, both of which passed through the panel of the door.

I need hardly say that we beat a retreat directly; and as we stood once more on deck, the first mate wiped the perspiration from his forehead, and looked from one to the other, as much as to say, "What shall we do?"

It was indeed a trying position, and for a few moments no one spoke. Then Mr. Ray seemed to recover himself, and spoke out firmly and quietly:

"We should only be casting away our lives if we were to go in now. The only plan I can suggest is, to watch him through the skylight and go in when he is asleep."

"I don't think he can do any mischief in the meantime," I said; "but we must seize him soon."

"Mischief!" said the old sailor, drily. "Well, I dunno; but what if he keep on popping off that revolver thing! We shall be having a bullet in amongst the powder, and a blow-up."

"Powder!" I said.

"Yes; in the magazine."

"Is there powder on board?" I said, with a strange tremor in my voice, as I turned to Anderson.

"Yes; a heavy lot of it," he said huskily; and as he spoke his eyes glanced involuntarily in the direction of the boats.

Another shot made us all start; and now passengers and crew began to collect, eagerly asking what was wrong—questions, though, which, in dread of a rush at the boats, we forebore to answer.

The peril, though, was indeed great, for, in one small cabin, especially strengthened for its reception, a large quantity of powder was stored, and if one bullet happened to pass through, the chances were that the heat involved in its passage would explode it all, and in a moment the whole vessel would be blown to atoms.

There were two courses open to us, to seize the boats at once and push off, or make a bold and manly effort to subdue the madman, in whose hands our lives seemed now to hang.

The same feeling must have pervaded all our breasts as we stood and looked at one another, and then I saw the old sailor wet the palms of his hands and rub them gently together.

"We must run in on him, Master Ray," he said.

"Could we not shoot down through the skylight?" said the chief mate; and then, as if blushing at his own proposition, he added, hastily: "No, no; that would be like murder. We must dash in on him at all risks. But, what's that? Look out! He's coming on deck."

As he spoke we heard the cabin door unlocked, then the rattling of keys and the crashing of a door, when Ray cautiously peered down the hatch, and as he kneeled there gazing down I could see a tremor running through his whole frame, and when at last he turned to us, his voice was so husky as to be almost inaudible, when he whispered:

"He's got into the powder room!"

I shall never forget his countenance as he gazed up at us with his eyes fixed—rigid to a degree. For a few moments horror and dread of impending death seemed to have robbed him of all power. Then he sprang up, the man once more.

"Quick!" he exclaimed; "for your lives!"

Then, leading the way, he dashed down the cabin stairs, we following him, but only to find our progress arrested by the closed door, which resisted all our efforts.

"Listen!" whispered Ray; and then he continued: "Good heavens, if he were to fire now!"

The next moment there was a sound which seemed to make every nerve in my body thrill, and I frankly own that had my limbs obeyed my will, I should have rushed on deck seized a coop or grating and leaped over the side, for plainly enough to be heard came a sharp crackling noise, and it wanted not the mate's word to enlighten us as he hissed out:

"Lucifers!"

"Here, quick, for God's sake!" exclaimed Anderson. "Look here; we are forcing the wrong way at the door."

He dragged at it, but in vain, for a few minutes, till, running on deck, the old sailor returned in an instant with a couple of marline-spikes, which were inserted just as we once more heard the crackle of a match.

"Quick! it's for dear life!" cried Ray.

And the door crashed, gave way and flew open, to reveal to us standing, perfectly unmoved by our forcible entry, the captain, holding a lighted splint to an iron-bound chest, which was already blackened and charred at the edge.

For a few moments we could none of us stir. It seemed as if, at the slightest motion on our part, the chest—which I afterwards learned was filled with cartridges for the supply of one of the petty armies engaged in the Paraguyan war—would explode, followed by the other chests and kegs piled around. Then came the captain's low chuckling laugh, and we heard him say:

"This will drive you out, then, strong as you are."

Then, with a gesture of impatience, he threw down the burnt-out splint, took a fresh match from the box he held, and was about to strike it, when, with a cry that did not sound human, Anderson leaped upon him, and with one tremendous blow struck him down, trampling on him the next moment as he applied his moist lips to the charred and smoking edge of the chest.

The captain was not stunned, though, and directly after a fearful struggle took place amid these kegs, my part being confined to the security of the match-box, which I tore from his hand, trembling as I did so, lest it should explode. Then came the loud panting breathing of the wretched man, as, held down by four strong men, he bowed his body up again and again with a power that was almost superhuman.

But the danger was now passed, and, without losing a moment, we dragged him out into his own cabin. Water was abundantly applied to the charred side of the box, and Mr. Ray's first act was to make the carpenter screw up the door in a way that restored confidence as every screw was driven in. I say his first act, for his second was to sit down on the deck and cover his face with his hands, and remain in that position for fully half an hour.

Constant watching, binding, and the use of potent drugs, placed the captain out of the reach of means to place us again in peril. But though a breeze sprung up next day, and our well-managed ship prosperously finished her voyage, I never laid down to sleep the rest of the time without a shudder, and never once dropped off without waking with a start from a horrible dream of seeing the captain, match-box in hand, applying a light to the edge of the cartridge chest.

AGRICULTURAL.

Most summer vegetables are now cleared from the garden, but the weeds are too often neglected. Destroy them at once and save work next year.

Crude petroleum is an excellent material for painting fence posts. It needs no admixture; it may be put on with a broad whitewashing brush very quickly, and gives an agreeable brownish color to the wood.

By drawing up the earth over the potato in sloping ridges the plant is deprived of its due supply of moisture by rains, for when they fall the water is cast into the ditches. Further, in regard to the idea that, by thus earthing up, the number of tubers is increased, the effect is quite the reverse; for experience proves that a potato, placed an inch only under the surface of the earth, will produce more tubers than one planted at the depth of a foot.

Fall Setting of Strawberries.—Nothing is gained by setting too early, especially if to be transported from one section to another before setting. The plants should remain where they are until full grown and the roots well matured. We would advise none of our readers to order plants from a distance before the middle of September, and two weeks later is much better. The roots are fully matured, and do not heat and spoil on the way, and as rains are frequent in October, they get well rooted before winter sets in.

Effects of Ammonia on Flowers.—Professor Gabba has been examining the effects of ammonia on the color of flowers. It is well known that the smoke of tobacco will, when applied in sufficient quantity, change the tint of flowers, but Professor Gabba experiments by pouring a little ammonia liquor into a saucer and inverting a funnel over it. Placing the flowers in the tube of the latter, he finds that blue, violet and purple-colored blossoms become of a fine green, carmine and crimson become black, whits become yellow, while parti-colored flowers, such as red and white, are changed to green and yellow. If the flowers are immersed in water, the natural color will return in a few hours. Professor Gabba also found that asters acquire a pleasing color when submitted to the fumes of ammonia.

Chinese Method of Preserving Grapes.—Travelers inform us that the Chinese have a method of preserving grapes, so as to have them at their command during the entire year; and a recent author gives us the following account of the method adopted: It consists in cutting a circular piece out of a ripe pumpkin or gourd, making an aperture large enough to admit the hand. The interior is then completely cleaned out, the ripe grapes are placed inside, and the cover replaced and pressed in firmly. The pumpkins are then kept in a cool place—and the grapes will be found to retain their freshness for a very long time. We are told that a very careful selection must be made of the pumpkin, the common field pumpkin, however, being well adapted for the purpose in question.

Children and Chickens.—A small dwelling, stable, garden, cornfield, working teams, farm tools, and the usual farm stock, comprise the home companions and articles connected with the employment and every day life of 75 per cent. of farmers' children in the West. Day by day they meet with these or some of them; their monotonous life goes on ever the same, and their love for the excellent and beautiful lies undeveloped and dormant; their opinions and tastes are unheeded, or are not brought out, and finally, that which might be developed into something really praiseworthy, becomes seared and hardened, until at last, when more mature, they find enjoyment only in the commonest and cheapest pursuits of life. No kind of farm stock possesses so many attractions for the little ones as poultry. The hidden nest, the smooth white eggs, daily renewed, the waiting and watching for the hatching day; the dozen little downy chicks running about the coop; their change to full grown chanticleers with brilliant garb and prolonged crow, all have their influence, and tend to inspire the youngsters with love and admiration, and to develop a lasting fondness for the beautiful throughout the brute creation. Fancy poultry is better for this purpose than the common sorts; they have a higher value, and possess a similarity soon recognized by children, which at once causes them to draw comparisons; finally, they become experts, and as they grow older this fondness reaches out to larger fields; choice sheep and swine, stately cattle and noble steeds, and with them will come highly improved farms, home comforts, and happiness for themselves and families.—*Poultry Organ.*

REVIEWER.

From Thos. J. Hall, music publisher, 751 Broadway, N. Y., the following new pieces of music:

"Ses Yeux." Celebre polka de concert. Duett. Composed by L. M. Gottschalk.

"Within the Gates of Gold." Song and Chorus. Words by Geo. Cooper. Music by Charles E. Pratt. There is a deep pathos in this song that will touch a tender chord in every heart.

"Brightest Roses Fade and Die." Song and Chorus. Words by John P. Rutledge. Music by H. P. Danks, author of "Daisy Darling," etc. A very pleasing song with chorus full of delicate sentiments.

"The Songs that Mother Sung." Song and Chorus. Words by J. T. Rutledge. Music by H. P. Danks. A beautiful song and chorus by this well known writer, and is sure to be immensely popular.

"Star of the Morn—L'Astro Del Mattin." Waltz song, with Italian and English words by Mrs. Jane Sloman Torry, composer of "Margaret," "The Weary Heart," "Under the Starlight."

"Ripples of the Alabama." Polka de concert. By Henri Herz Andrews.

"I but echo the voice, filling sea, earth and air,
In a clime where all nature is lovely and fair;
Where the wind makes a harp of each flow'r laden tree,
And the bright rippling river sings its love to the sea.
Dear South land, thou bride veiled in sunshine and flowers,
Shaping life into music, through glad summer hours:
Here, here will we rest, and breathe beauty from thee,
While the river we love seeks the answering sea."

From W. W. Whitney, music publisher, Toledo, Ohio:

"Silver Carols." A collection of new music for schools, academies and colleges. By J. H. Leslie and W. A. Ogden. Published by W. W. Whitney, Toledo, Ohio. In "Silver Carols" will be found songs for all occasions, easy, cheerful and animated, such as will infuse energy and enthusiasm into scholars, and is specially adapted for use in day schools. It is becoming generally introduced in the public schools throughout the country.

"Nellie's Cottage Home." Song and Chorus, for tenor and soprano. Words by R. L. Cary. Music by W. A. Ogden. A charming song with a beautiful chorus.

"The Beautiful By and By." Song and Chorus. Words by E. R. Latta. Music by S. H. Blakeslee. A beautiful song and chorus of exalted sentiment, already sung in hundreds of homes.

"Life of Life." March. Organ and Piano Solo. By A. L. Meyerhoff. This is specially adapted for orchestra, brass or stringed bands.

"Winner's Violin Study," "Winner's Organ Study," "Winner's Flute Study." By Sep Winner. These are the latest books issued, containing the newest melodies and the most complete rudiments. They are particularly designed as self-instructors, their contents being carefully arranged in progressive order, forming a plain study that can be easily comprehended by persons of the most ordinary ability.

"Crown of Life," a new collection of sacred music for the Sunday-School, by W. A. Ogden, widely and favorably known to the public as a teacher and composer. The entire music of the "Crown of Life" is easy, yet full of melody. A novel and interesting feature is appended—a concert exercise called "Sacred Places of the Gospel," in which, under musical guise, the story of the Saviour's life on earth is told.

From Biglow & Main, publishers, New York and Chicago:

"Book of Praise." For the Sunday-School. Edited by George A. Bell and Hubert P. Main. The collection of pieces in this, the latest publication of the kind by this well known firm, is not entirely new, but is a compilation from all of their publications, and consists of the choicest works in their extensive *repertoire*. It is the result of a judgment formed during an active superintendence of large city schools in which singing has been a leading feature. We look upon it as a most satisfactory and useful book not only for the Sunday-School, but also for the Prayer-meeting and for the Home circle.

From Horace Waters & Son, 481 Broadway, New York:

"Father, Bring Home Your Money To-night." A new Temperance Song and Chorus. Words by Mrs. M. A. Kidder. Music by Wm. F. Sherwin.

From Boosey & Co., music publishers, New York:

"The Songs of Mendelssohn." Royal edition. This is a collection of over fifty of the most celebrated songs, and the six most popular duetts, op. 63, all with German and English words, the latter by John Oxenford and George Linley.

"Short Masses for Small Choirs." By Sir Julius Benedict. A collection of twelve masses for one, two, three, and four voices, with organ accompaniment. These are published in this cheap form (twenty-five cents) in order to meet the growing demand for simple, melodious and harmonized music.

"Rosina." A Comic Opera, in two acts. By Mrs. Brooke. Music by Shield. Revised by John Oxenford. This is one of an edition of English Ballad Operas, published in a cheap and complete form, suitable to representation. Each operetta containing the whole of the dialogue and full stage directions.

"Boosey's Musical Cabinet No. 163." Containing twelve popular ballads, by Alfred Scott Gatty. This is a number of a very valuable monthly publication, forming a library of modern vocal, pianoforte and dance music, in books at 50 cents each.

From G. Schirmer, music publisher, 701 Broadway, New York:

"Evening" (Abend). By Franz Abt. A very popular German vocal duett, with English translation.

"O, Salutaris Hostia!" For Soprano. By D. Rubini.

"The Maiden's Evening Song" (Madchenlied). Composed by G. Federlein.

"Love Lies Bleeding" (Brennende Liebe). Song. By G. Federlein.

"Ave Maria." For Soprano. By D. Rubini.

"Siegfried's Sword." Ballad. German words by Uhland. English words by M. Byer. For Tenor voice, with accompaniment of orchestra or Piano. By Leopold Damrosch.

"Wanderer's Night Song" (Ueber Allen Gipeln Ist Ruh). A favorite song. By Franz Liszt.

FACETIÆ.

A MATTER of course—A river bed.

GRASSHOPPERS—Dancers on the green.

COLOGNE is called the Scentimental city.

A MAN who is always in a stew generally goes to pot.

THERE is the biggest kind of a devil in a quart of whiskey.

"LOVE conquers all things." Oh, no, it won't touch corns.

THOSE lawn parties are a sort of grasshopper affairs we presume.

"MAMIE," said a mother to a little six-year-old, "if I was a little girl like you, I would pick up all those chips."

"Well, mamma," said the little one, "ain't you glad you are not a little girl?"

PATIENCE used to be represented as a passably good-looking girl on a big piece of sandstone. Now it is different. A modern artist fixes Patience up as a country editor sitting on an inverted type-box, wishing he had his dinner, and waiting for delinquents to pay up their subscriptions.

"HOW IS IT," said a woman to her husband, "that you can't come home nights in some kind of season?"

"You got me in the way of it," was his gentle retort. "Before we were married you used to throw your arms about my neck at three o'clock and say, "Don't go, darling, it is early yet," but now if I happen to stay out till two it is a terrible affair."

A LONG TROT.—"And that's a blessed baby," remarked the woman to another in a street car yesterday.

"Yes, he is, but he's dreadful oneasy."

"Ailing?"

"Wuss nor ailing—he's most sick. He began at eight o'clock last night, and for thirty-four hours by the clock, or till just at daybreak, I had to trot him on my knee and keep singing: Yum-yum—high-dum."

AN ANALYSIS OF LOVE.—The Vicksburgh *Herald* says: Last night as a frisky colored youth was walking up Clay street, he was accosted by a colored acquaintance, who remarked:

"Well, Brutus, dey say you iz in love!"

"I iz, Uncle Abra'm—I don't deny the alleged allegation."

"And how does you feel, Brutus?"

"You has stuffed your elbow agin a post or sumthin' afore now, hasn't you, Uncle Abra'm?"

"I reckon."

"And you remembers de feelin' dat runs up yer arm?"

"I does."

"Well, take dat feelin', add a hundred per cent., mix it wid de nicest ha'r oil in town, sweeten wid honey, and den you kin 'magine how I feel!"

POLITE stranger (in a hurry, thinking he has grazed an old gentleman's ankle)—"Beg pardon."

Old Gentleman—"Eh?"

Polite stranger (louder)—"I beg your pardon!"

Old Gentleman (unconscious of any hurt)—"Why?"

Polite Stranger—"I'm afraid I kicked you."

Old Gentleman—"Eh?"

Polite Stranger (shouting)—"I kicked you."

Old Gentleman (surprised)—"What for?"

Polite Stranger—"It was quite by accident."

Old Gentleman (not catching it)—"Eh?—beg your pard——"

Polite Stranger (roaring in his ear)—"Accident."

Old Gentleman (starting)—"Bless my soul! you don't say so! Where? Where? I hope nobody's killed!"

Polite Stranger rushes off and loses his train.

THE ART OF CONVERSATION.—*Punch*, with the true spirit of every well-intentioned publication to improve its readers, gives the following dialogue as illustrative of the art of conversation:

First party (opening conversation:)—"'Ave you 'eard as Jim Bates' father says he'll give 'im the sack?"

Second ditto (after pause)—"Whose father?"

First ditto—"Why, Jim Bates' father."

Second ditto (after pause)—"Jim Bates' who?"

First ditto—"Why, Jim Bates' father!"

Second ditto (after pause)—"Jim Bates' father! Well, what does he say?"

First ditto—"Says he'll give 'im the sack!"

Second ditto (after pause)—"Give 'im the what?"

First ditto—"Give 'im the sack."

Second ditto (after pause)—"Give who the sack?"

First ditto—"Why, Jim Bates!"

Second ditto (after long pause)—"Ah, I 'eard that the day before yesterday!"

GIVING A BRAKEMAN A LESSON ON STYLE.—The first man was a brakeman, who had been guilty of some slight offence.

"You run on the cars, eh?" asked the court.

"Yes, sir."

"And you belong to that class of men who open the door as the train stops at Pontiac and yell out 'Upontyack!' at the passengers?"

The man was silent.

"It makes my bones boil when I think of how I've been used on these railroads," continued his honor. "The seats are locked, the water-cooler empty, the windows won't stay up, and every few minutes you open the door and cry out, 'Jawkun' for Jackson, or 'Kl-a-zoo' for Kalamazoo. I believe I'll mark you for six months."

"Please, sir," protested the prisoner.

"I must strike a blow at this great evil somewhere, and I might as well commence on you."

"Please, sir, I was never here before, and it's my first offence in four years."

His honor leaned back and reflected. Finally he said: "Well, I'll let you go this time, but after this you must adopt a different style. When the train approaches a station, you are to go through the car like a cat, smile gently, and say in quiet tones: "Ladies and gentlemen, this train is now in the outskirts of the beautiful city of Ypsilanti, and such of you as desire to step off will please make ready, and may health and prosperity ever attend you.' What an innovation that would be, sir! How the traveling public would rush for your road! Will you do this, Mr. Wellington?"

The prisoner promised, and was allowed to go.—*Detroit Free Press.*

ENGLISH IVY.

The use of English ivies for the purpose of decorating living-rooms is more extensive every year, and cannot be too highly commended. Being very strong, they will live through any treatment; but study their peculiarities, and manifest willingness to gratify them, and they will grow without stint. Many houses are too hot for them, as indeed they are for their owners. Neither plants nor people should have the temperature over sixty-five degrees Fahrenheit. Take care not to enfeeble your ivies by excessive watering or undue heat, and you will see they will not seem to mind whether the sun shines on them or not, or in what position or direction you train them. Indeed, so much will they do themselves to render a room charming, that we would rather have an unlimited number of them to draw upon than anything in nature or art.

Do you wish the ugly, plain doors that shut off your tiny entry to be arched or curved like those in the drawing-room of your rich neighbor? Buy a couple of brackets, such as lamps for the burning of kerosene are sometimes placed in, and screw them on the sides of the door. Put in each a plant of English ivy, the longer the better; then train the plants over the tops against the sides—indeed, any way your fancy indicates. You need not buy the beautiful but costly pots the flower dealer will advise; common glazed ones will answer every purpose, for, by placing in each two or three sprays of Coliseum ivy, in a month's time no vestige of the pot itself can be discerned through their thick screen.

The English ivy, growing over the walls of a building, instead of promoting dampness, as most persons would suppose, is said to be a remedy for it, and it is mentioned as a fact, that in a certain room where damp had prevailed for a length of time, the affected parts inside had become dry when ivy had grown up to cover the opposite exterior side. The close, overhanging, pendant leaves prevent the rain or moisture from penetrating to the wall. Beauty and utility in this case go hand in hand.

BAD MANNERS AT ENGLISH THEATRES.

Grace Greenwood is disgusted with English theatres, and as often as she has entered one of those dark and airless pens in London she has been proud of our own more democratic places of entertainment:

"When I see how quick the average Englishman is to feel, and how fierce to resent all discomforts and impositions when he is abroad—the champion grumbler of the traveling world—I wonder how he endures this state of things at home. Evening dress is remorselessly exacted at the theatre as at the opera. If a lady appears in a bonnet, ever so small, the usher requests her, with smaller courtesy, to take it off. If they would also bar out some of the huge English headdresses, so fearfully and wonderfully made, of lace, flowers and feathers—nightmares of millinery—it were well. Hats and bonnets, if ever so dainty, certainly obstruct the vision of unfortunates in the rear, and as for the new Vandyke and Gainsborough chapeaux, ladies might as well carry spread parasols into the theatre or concert hall as wear them. In our country we shall have fight on this head-gear question. Let us be thorough. Let the cry be: 'Off with bonnets and hats! Top-knots come down!' On the night of Salvini's last appearance as Othello my situation was made the more intolerable by an unconscious woman, directly in front of me, wearing a most stupendous structure in the shape of an English hat, perched on a towering chignon, the fashion of which, among English dames has mostly gone out, and with us, happily, never came in. It hid the highest tragedy. All I saw was by crouching and twisting and artful dodging. So it was that even the blood-curdling self-murder that finished all came as a blessed relief."

ORIGIN OF THINGS.

Cinderella's fairy godmother, when she made a satin robe from rags, performed a feat no more wonderful than many miracles which are wrought every day by the modern artisan. Nearly all the things that we throw away in the alleys, or even through our drains, are valuable, and, after going through the hands of skilled workmen, come out in new shapes and have new fields of usefulness.

Our gelatine was originally rat-skin; toilet-soap is furnished by defunct cats and dogs; perfumery owes its existence to coal-tar; toilet-powder is found in drains; choice ale is flavored with putrid cheese; that obnoxious animal, the skunk, supplies the ladies with lotions for the complexion. We call largely on the animal creation for both necessities and luxuries. Tatting-shuttles, crochet-hooks, dice, etc., once adorned the jaws of a horse. Guitar and violin strings have been indispensable to the comfort of Grimalkin. Hair brushes first saw the light on the back of a hog. As for the clothes we wear, who can count the vicissitudes they have endured before assuming their present shape. All our fine stationery comes from the ragman's bag. Well may the scented, rose-tinted sheet blush for its ancestry! All this goes to prove that we cannot well be fastidious in this world, in which the original of all things is—dust.

HOW TO GET ALONG.—Do not stop to tell stories during business hours.

If you have a place of business, be found there when wanted, or in business hours.

No man can get rich by lounging in stores or saloons.

Never "fool" in business matters.

Have order, system, regularity, liberality, and promptness.

Never buy an article you do not need simply because it is cheap, and the man who sells will take it out in trade.

Endeavor to avoid hard words and personalities.

Time is money.

ALTHOUGH MANY ARE PREDISPOSED TO LUNG TROUBLES FROM BIRTH, yet even such may escape Consumption, or other Pulmonary or Bronchial diseases, if due care and watchfulness be observed, and all exciting causes are promptly treated as they arise. It is in these cases Dr. Jayne's Expectorant exercises its most beneficial effects, and has produced the largest proportion of its cures. Besides promptly removing Coughs and Colds, which, when left to themselves, are the immediate causes of tuberculous development, this standard remedy allays any inflamation which may exist, and by promoting easy expectoration, cleanses the lungs of the substances which clog them up, and which rapidly destroy when suffered to remain.

HOTEL RATES COMPARED.

People who are in the habit of complaining about the charges at our summer hotels, while they live "on the fat of the land," and always have a servant at their beck and call, are advised to read the subjoined. It is from a *Times* correspondent, who passed his summer vacation at Saint Germain, a fashionable French watering-place. We quote: "The air of Saint Germain is pure, fresh, and cool; the forest is grand and beautiful; the view from the terrace the finest in all France; but, in order to enjoy these luxuries, one must now pay a price that seems to be out of all reason. True, one can get the bare necessaries of life for three dollars and a half and four dollars per diem, but so many extras are added to your bills that the sum total runs above the cost of living at Saratoga or Newport. Service, waiters' fees, that must be paid; candles, ice-water in your room, ice in your wine at table, bath-water and towels, the distribution of letters, commissions, and a thousand things of the sort, for which no charge would be made in the United States, are here brought in to swell your bill up to at least five dollars a day. In case of sickness the landlords are utterly without mercy, for everything served in the rooms is charged at double rates. One American lady, who was unexpectedly confined in the hotel where I was stopping, has been forced to pay more in six weeks than she ever paid for three months at Saratoga. Yet only three years ago Saint Germain was a cheap place of residence, and I lived in this same hotel for one half the amount I had to pay this year. Such melancholy lamentations come from all quarters, and I very much fear that there are no longer any cheap watering-places in France."

SPANISH law prohibits marriage between parties above the age of seventy, but a younger man may marry as old a woman as he pleases.

An Unanswerable Argument.

The strongest argument which can be urged against the advisability of administering such corrosive and nerve-destroying poisons as arsenic and quinine for intermittent and remittent fevers, is the vastly superior success in the prevention and cure of such diseases of a medicine which is the very antipode of the above named drugs, both in respect of its composition and the results wrought by it. Such a medicine is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a purely vegetable preparation, which not only eradicates with wonderful promptitude every trace of fever and ague, and kindred types of malarious disease, from the system, but is a certain preventive of all maladies begotten of miasma-tainted air and water. These results mineral anti-febrile remedies do not effect with certainty, and their continued use entails consequences highly pernicious to the system. The Bitters on the contrary not only afford speedy relief, but establish health on a permanent basis.

☞ **E. F. Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron** has never been known to fail in the cure of weakness, attended with symptoms; indisposition to exertion; loss of memory; difficulty of breathing; general weakness; horror of disease; weak, nervous trembling; dreadful horror of death; night sweats; cold feet; weakness; dimness of vision; languor; universal lassitude of the muscular system; enormous appetite with dyspeptic symptoms; hot hands; flushing of the body; dryness of the skin; pallid countenance and eruptions on the face, purifying the blood; pain in the back; heaviness of the eyelids; frequent black spots flying before the eyes with temporary suffusion and loss of sight; want of attention, etc. These symptoms all arise from a weakness, and to remedy that use E. F. KUNKEL'S Bitter Wine of Iron. It never fails. Thousands are now enjoying health who have used it. Take only E. F. KUNKEL'S.

Beware of the counterfeits and base imitations. As Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron is so well known all over the country, druggists themselves make an imitation and try to palm it off on their customers, when they call for Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron.

Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron is put up only in $1 bottles, and has a yellow wrapper nicely put on the outside with the proprietor's photograph on the wrapper of each bottle. Always look for the photograph on the outside, and you will always be sure to get the genuine. $1 per bottle, or six for $5 dollars. Sold by druggists and dealers everywhere.

Tape Worm Removed Alive.

Head and all complete in two hours. No fee till head passes. Scat. Pin and Stomach Worms removed by Dr. KUNKEL, 288 North Ninth St., Philadelphia, Pa. Send for circular. For removing all ordinary worms, call on your druggist and get a bottle of KUNKEL'S WORM SYRUP. PRICE, $1.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE GREAT COMBINATION BROKEN!
THE MONOPOLY OVERCOME!
First-Class Sewing-Machines Now Offered at Prices Within the Reach of All!

No. 1 M. & H. FAMILY MACHINE,

On a large Oiled Walnut Table, with drawer, and Ornamental Iron Stand, with the following outfit furnished free of extra charge.

Price, $25.

HEMMER, BASTER, GAUGE, BRAIDER, BINDER, QUILTER, OIL CAN, SCREW-DRIVER, TWO SPOOLS OF COTTON, THREE NEEDLES, AND INSTRUCTION BOOK.

THE McLEAN & BENNOK MACHINE COMPANY, No. 222 North Eighth street, Philadelphia, are now selling their SUPERIOR No. 1 SEWING-MACHINES, mounted on large walnut top tables, and complete with a full line of attachments.

For Twenty-five Dollars

These Machines are equal, in every respect, to other makes that have been sold heretofore for $60.

This may seem strange, but everybody ought to know that we can afford to do it, because we do not employ an army of canvassers, middlemen, and persuaders, but sell our Machines *direct to the people*, and content ourselves with a reasonable profit; therefore we are enabled to sell a SUPERIOR SEWING-MACHINE at the unprecedented low Price of *Twenty-five Dollars!*

Don't buy without being fully posted, and don't let any one humbug you into buying at the exorbitant price of $60 or $75, when you can *get the best for* $25; but send for our descriptive circular and samples of sewing. Address

McLean & Bennor Machine Company,
222 North Eighth St., Philada.

☞ Agents wanted everywhere.

OPIUM EATING AND INTEMPERANCE.—C. O. BERRS, M. D., 344 Fourth Avenue, New York, has an *unfailing* cure for these evils. Send stamp for undoubted evidence.

A CHEERFUL face is nearly as good for an invalid as healthy weather. To make a sick man think he's dying, all that is necessary is to look half dead yourself. Hope and despair are as catching as cutaneous complaints. Always look sunshiny, therefore, whether you feel so or not.

EXPLANATIONS of all the stops—pedal and swell—their nature, uses, compass and combinations, are given in Clarke's Improved School for the Parlor Organ, by Hugh A. Clarke, and are found in no other instructor. The work is superior. Price, $2.50. Lee & Walker, Phila.

PROFESSOR ASHER'S Select Dancing Academy, southwest corner Twelfth and Chestnut streets, entrance on Twelfth street. All the new and fashionable dances taught. Ladies' and Gentlemen's class Tuesday and Friday evenings; Misses' and Master's Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. Private lessons singly or in classes at any hour to suit own convenience. Boston and Glide taught correctly in five lessons. Applications from private residences, schools, seminaries, etc., will at all times receive prompt attention. Ladies and gentlemen desiring it can receive instructions separately, in private class or at their residences. For terms, circulars, etc., apply or address Prof. Asher, Twelfth and Chestnut Streets.

DR. RADWAY'S
Sarsaparillian Resolvent,
THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

FOR THE CURE OF ALL CHRONIC DISEASES, SCROFULA, ULCERS, CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, ERYSIPELAS, KIDNEY, BLADDER, AND LIVER COMPLAINTS, DYSPEPSIA, AFFECTIONS OF THE LUNGS AND THROAT, PURIFIES THE BLOOD, RESTORING HEALTH AND VIGOR; CLEAR SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION SECURED TO ALL.

Sold by Druggists. Price $1 per bottle.

R. R. R.
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF,
THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.
ONE 50 CENT BOTTLE

WILL CURE MORE COMPLAINTS, AND PREVENT THE SYSTEM AGAINST SUDDEN ATTACKS OF EPIDEMICS AND CONTAGIOUS DISEASES, THAN ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS EXPENDED FOR OTHER MEDICINES OR MEDICAL ATTENDANCE.

THE MOMENT RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS APPLIED EXTERNALLY—OR TAKEN INTERNALLY ACCORDING TO DIRECTIONS—PAIN, FROM WHATEVER CAUSE, CEASES TO EXIST.

In all cases where pain or discomfort is experienced, or if seized with Influenza, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Bad Coughs, Hoarseness, Bilious Colic, Inflammation of the Bowels, Stomach, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, or with Croup, Quinsy, Fever and Ague, or with Neuralgia, Headache, Tic Doloreux, Toothache, Earache, or with Lumbago, Pain in the Back, or Rheumatism, or with Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or Dysentery, or with Burns, Scalds, or Bruises, or with Sprains, Cramps, or Spasms, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will cure you of the worst of these complaints in a few hours.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Dr. Radway's Regulating Pills

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure.

Price 25 cents per box. Sold by Druggists.

DR. RADWAY & CO.,
32 Warren Street, New York.

HOW To Make Money FAST and Honest!

To the Unemployed.

By devoting a few hours at home, either sex can realize $5 to $8 daily. Business permanent. All are sure to make money fast. 2 hours evenings pays $12 to $15 weekly. Send your address and get Full Instructions and a Start Free. We want a person in every village. No matter who, or where you are, do not let this opportunity pass. Boys and girls succeed as well as adults. Those already started by us are established now for life. INVENTORS' UNION, 172 Greenwich street, New York.

R. DOLLARD,
512
CHESTNUT ST.,
PHILADELPHIA.
Premier Artiste
IN
HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEES.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frisettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair.

J. R. & A. MURDOCH,
PITTSBURGH, PA.

Offer to the Wholesale and Retail Trade

A Large and Superior Stock of

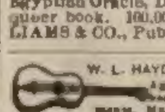
PEAR, PEACH, CHERRY AND PLUM TREES, GRAPE VINES, SMALL-FRUITS, SHADE TREES, ROSES, GREENHOUSE PLANTS, HOLLAND BULBS, &c., &c., &c.,

at prices to suit the times.

Catalogues Free on Application.

SAFES
MARVIN'S ARE THE BEST.
721 CHESTNUT ST.

"PSYCHOMANCY, or Soul Charming."—How either sex may fascinate and gain the love and affections of any person they choose, instantly. This simple mental acquirement all can possess, free, by mail, for 25 cents: together with a Marriage Guide, Egyptian Oracle, Dreams, Hints to Ladies. A queer book. 100,000 sold. Address, T. WILLIAMS & CO., Publishers, Philadelphia.



W. L. HAYDEN, Teacher of Guitar and Flute, Agent for Tilton's Patent Guitars, the best in use. Dealer in Musical Instruments, Music and Strings. Catalogues and price-lists free. 120 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

PEOPLE'S MONTHLY.

WANTED, the following Back Numbers: Vol. 1. Nos. 1 and 3.

Twenty-five cents will be given for the first copy of any of the above sent in to us.

REED, WICKERSHAM & CO.

"A REMARKABLE BOOK."

THE LEECH CLUB; or, the **MYSTERIES OF THE CATSKILLS;** by George W. Owen. One of the few novels of a moral, practical bearing, setting forth the most prominent abuses of the day, interwoven into a tale, entertaining as the Arabian Nights. The Suffolk County Journal says: "*The book will have an immense popularity, and its influence will be for good.*" Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston, and 678 Broadway, N. Y. Price, $1.50. Agents wanted.

WANAMAKER & BROWN
MEN & BOYS CASH ONE PRICE, GUARANTEE
OAK HALL
CLOTHING
S. E. COR. 6TH & MARKET STS. PHILADA

T. F. PHILLIPS,
Importer and Retailer of
FINE DRY GOODS
SIXTH & LIBERTY STS.
PITTSBURGH
PA.

GET THE BEST.
Webster's Unabridged Dictionary.

10,000 *Words and meanings not in other Dictionaries.* 3000 Engravings; 1840 Pages Quarto. Price $12.

Webster now is glorious. [*Pres. Raymond, Vassar Col.*
Every scholar knows its value. [*W. H. Prescott.*
Best defining Dictionary. [*Horace Mann.*
Standard in this office. [*A. H. Clapp, Gov't Printer.*
The etymology without a rival. [*John G. Saxe.*
Excels in defining scientific terms. [*Pres. Hitchcock.*
Remarkable compendium of knowledge. [*Pres. Clark.*

"THE BEST PRACTICAL ENGLISH DICTIONARY EXTANT."—*London Quarterly Review, October, 1873.*

☞ A National Standard. The authority in the Government Printing Office at Washington, and supplied by the Government to every pupil at West Point.

Gov't Printing Office, Washington, April 23, '73.

Webster's Dictionary is the Standard authority for printing in this Office, and has been for the last four years.—A. M. CLAPP, *Congressional Printer.*

☞ Warmly recommended by Bancroft, Prescott, Motley, Geo. P. Marsh, Halleck, Whittier, Willis, Saxe, Elihu Burritt, Daniel Webster, Rufus Choate, and the best American and European scholars.

A necessity for every intelligent family, student, teacher, and professional man. What Library is complete without the best English Dictionary?

A NEW FEATURE.

To the 3000 ILLUSTRATIONS heretofore in Webster's Unabridged we have recently added four pages of

COLORED ILLUSTRATIONS,

engraved expressly for the work at large expense.

ALSO,

Webster's National Pictorial Dictionary.

1040 Pages Octavo. 600 Engravings. Price $5.

☞ **The Authority of Everybody.**
PROOF—20 TO 1.

The sales of Webster's Dictionaries throughout the country in 1873 were 20 times as large as the sales of any other Dictionaries. In proof of this we will send to any person, on application, the statements of more than 100 Booksellers, from every section of the country.

Published by **G. & C. MERRIAM,** Springfield, Mass. Sold by all Booksellers.

A NEW MUSICAL ERA!
ALL CAN LEARN TO SING.

The most Natural and Easy system of Music yet discovered; learned in one-fourth the time of any other.

TEMPLE HARP.

A New Musical Book upon above system, for Choirs, etc.

CRYSTAL GEMS.

For Sabbath-Schools, same system. Specimen pages mailed free.

TEACHERS wanted as AGENTS. MILLER'S BIBLE and PUBLISHING HOUSE, 1102 and 1104 Sansom St., Philad'a, Pa.

ADORN YOUR HOMES
with BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS.
20, 30 & 50 cents each.

The best opportunity ever offered. Send 15 cents for a beautifully ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE of subjects.

THE GRAPHIC CO.,
39-41 Park Place, New York.

$15 SHOT GUN.

A double-barrel gun, bar or front-action locks; warranted genuine twist barrels, and a good shooter, *or no sale;* with Flask, Pouch and a Wad Cutter, for $15. Can be sent C. O. D., with privilege to examine before paying bill. Send stamp for circular to P. POWELL & SON, Gun Dealers, 388 Main st. Cincinnati, O.

CANCER CURED without the knife or pain, by Prof. J. M. COMINS, M.D., 345 Lexington av., N. Y.

READERS Writing to advertisers who advertise in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST please say where you saw the advertisement.

HOW YOU CAN MAKE MONEY during spare time. No capital required. Something new and valuable. Sample *free.* Address The Enterprise Co., Palatine, Ill.

CARDS, 50 Stylish Visiting Cards for 25cts. *Send stamp for samples* of all styles before ordering elsewhere. Agents wanted. G. B. ULLMAN, 12 Winter St., Boston.

LADIES, you can have a clear complexion by using **HARRISON'S PARIAN WHITE** face-powder. *It is very beautifying in effect, can be used without detection, and does not rub off.* Ask your druggist for it, or send three-cent stamp for trial sample. Address HARRISON MFG. Co., 12 North Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE MAGNIFICENT NEW LAWN DANCE
QUOITET.
From $3.00 to $12.00 per set.
CLAXTON, REMSEN & HAFFELFINGER, Philadelphia.

The BEST and CHEAPEST Toilet Soap in the World is **Robinson's Indexical**
Oatmeal Glycerine.
Sold Everywhere.

PHOTOS of Actresses, Love Scenes, etc., 10 for 25 cents. S. R. LUDDEN, E. Lincoln, Me.

A **HANDSOME** and mysterious Pocket-Book free for stamp by THE SOMERS MFG. CO., Newark, N. J.

TWO BOOKS
BY
H. A. CLARKE.
Professor of Music and Harmony in the University of Pennsylvania.

Clarke's Improved School
FOR THE
PARLOR ORGAN.

The only work that explains the use, nature, and compass of the Stops, with the manner of combining them. *A thorough book for the Organ Student.* ——— PRICE, $2.50.

Clarke's New Method
FOR THE
PIANO-FORTE.

Teaches thoroughly the technics of the Piano-Forte, and prepares the student for Harmony. Universally pronounced the BEST WORK EVER PUBLISHED for both teacher and scholar. PRICE, $3.75.

Either of the above can be had at Book and Music Stores, or will be mailed free of postage on receipt of price.

Lee & Walker. 922 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

WIFE NO. 19
BY ANN ELIZA YOUNG,
Brigham Young's Rebellious Wife.

The only complete Expose of all the **SECRETS** of **BRIGHAM'S HAREM** ever written. Born in Mormondom, ANN ELIZA now appears to the world, AS NO OTHER WOMAN CAN, the **SECRETS, MYSTERIES** and **CRIMES** of the horrible system of Polygamy, from the very beginning. Nearly 200 New Illustrations beautify the work. It is the best selling book published. 10,000 more Agents, men and women, can have employment and make from $3 to $10 daily. ALL LIVE AGENTS are writing for Illustrated Circulars and LARGE TERMS, sent free. Do not delay, but address at once J. B. FORD & CO., HARTFORD, CT., CHICAGO, ILL., or CINCINNATI, OHIO

HOME GUEST. This Superior Illustrated Monthly, with our magnificent new $7 premium of "The Neapolitan Fisher Boy" will be sent, post-paid, for 1 year on receipt of $1. On trial, three months, with our beautiful 50 cent Chromo, "The Desert Shall Blossom," for 30 cents. All in want of business should send for our Illustrated Circular. The best chance ever offered for Agents. HOME GUEST PUBLISHING CO., 419 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

10 DECALCOMANIE,
or TRANSFER PICTURES, with book of 64 pp., giving full instructions in this new and beautiful art, sent post-paid for 10 cts. 100 assorted pictures, 50 cts. They are Heads, Landscapes, Animals, Birds, Insects, Flowers, Autumn Leaves, Comic Figures, &c. They can be easily transferred to any article so as to imitate the most beautiful painting. Also, 1 beautiful GEM CHROMOS for 10 cts.; 14 for 25 cts. Agents wanted. Address J. L. PATTEN & CO., 102 William Street, New York.

EXTRAORDINARY.

Before investing in anything whatever, lottery, stocks, lands, etc., etc., send for one of our circulars, which will give full information FREE. Address,
TAYLOR & CO.,
BANKERS,
11 Wall st., N. Y.

ESHLEMAN & CRAIG.
SHIRTS
TO ORDER.
No. 821 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.
First door below Girard House.
Samples and rules for Self-measurement sent free.

STAMMERING OR STUTTERING POSITIVELY and permanently cured by the only known method, without medicine or surgery. Unexceptionable references can be seen at office. No cure, no pay. Call or send for circulars. Dr. B. N. MILLER,
1114 Vine street, Philadelphia, Pa.

WANTED—Good canvassing agents in every county and town in the United States, to whom good wages or commission will be allowed. For particulars enclose 10 cents postage. Address, ADAMS & CROSS, 152 W. Broadway, New York.

$57.60 Agents' Profits per Week.—Will prove it or forfeit $500. New articles are just patented. Samples sent free to all. Address W. H. CHIDESTER, 247 Broadway, New York.

AGENTS 20 ELEGANT OIL CHROMOS mounted, size 9x11, for $1. Novelties and Chromos *of every description.* National Chromo Co., Phila., Pa.

AGENTS WANTED for the fastest selling book ever published. Send for circulars and our extra terms to Agents. NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., PHILADELPHIA, PA.; or Chicago, Ill.

$250 A MONTH—Agents wanted everywhere. Business honorable and first class Particulars sent free. Address J. WORTH & CO., St. Louis, Mo.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $1 free. STINSON & Co., Portland, Me.

$77 A WEEK to Agents, Old and Young, Male and Female, in their locality. Terms and OUTFIT FREE. Address P. O. VICKERY & CO., Augusta, Me.

AGENTS WANTED. Salary or Commission. Address, Cowan & Co., Eighth St., New York.

WE WANT to engage every unemployed man, woman and child. C. P. RICHARDS & CO., Hallowell, Maine.

$12 a day at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. TRUE & Co., Augusta, Me.

THE OLDEST FAMILY PAPER IN AMERICA!

THE
SATURDAY EVENING POST
EVERY WEEK CONTAINS

Continued Stories by the Best Writers. Short Sketches. Historical Items, Centennial News. Bright Pictures. Fashion Plate and Letter. Science, News, Humor, Agriculture. Boys and Girls Department. Brimful of good things. Splendid Chromo, 19x25 to every Subscriber. Three dollars a year, postpaid. On trial four months, $1. Good Agents wanted everywhere. Address REED, WICKERSHAM & CO., 726 Sansom street, Philadelphia.

THE BOUDOIR.

The delightful fall season, so dear to the hearts of dress-loving feminity, has without doubt set in, and once again, "from afar returning," the silken trains of our belles pleasantly rustle up and down the fashionable promenades. The close, clinging drapery prevails everywhere; and bustles and hoop-skirts are things of the past. Suits of cashmere and silk, or camel's hair cloth combined with silk, are the most stylish. Persons who admire quiet, unobtrusive dressing make a selection of one material for outdoor costumes; but for those who admire the picturesque and dashing style of toilette, there is ample room for the indulgence of their several fancies. For our part we cannot too strongly commend a quiet, ladylike mode of attire, which it is quite possible to make of sufficiently rich material to correspond with the means of the wealthiest, yet which should, for the street at least, possess the charm of being unobtrusive.

It is said by reliable chroniclers of Fashion's decrees, that long waists prevail for outdoor basques and polonaises. French backs without a sidebody have lost prestige, the English backs being the present choice. The general mode seems to be to have the sidebodies of these latter prolonged so as to form pockets, or else have deep, square or shirred pockets upon them. These outer wraps are lined with flannel, and in many cases wadded.

Cashmere suits, black, brown, and a dark shade of blue, are very popular. The material can be purchased for so reasonable a price now, that it has in a great measure superseded the once universal alpaca or mohair suits.

Among the many pretty new costumes we have noticed two or three deserving of especial mention. One was of camel's hair cloth, light ground striped with brown, and combined with brown silk of a tint to correspond. The underskirt was of the camel's hair cloth, trimmed at the bottom with a flounce thirteen inches deep; three bias bands of silk are placed around the bottom of it, while two shirred puffs head it. The deep square apron overskirt has perpendicular bands of silk, three inches wide, upon it, and is edged with a ruffle of the same. Three wide puffs of camel's hair cloth, with a sash end of the same edged and trimmed up the sides with a ruffle similar to that upon the overskirt, fill in the space at the back, between the two sides of the overskirt. Above these puffs and sash ends are placed smaller puffs of silk. The basque was a plain sleeveless cuirass of the camel's hair material, corded with silk, and trimmed with folds of the same down the middle of the back. The coatsleeves, of silk, have cuffs of the camel's hair cloth.

A stylish street suit has an underskirt of black velvet, or velveteen—this latter perfectly plain. The overdress is of damask figured serge, of a light ecru ground with shaded gray figures. It is made very long and plain, and buttons down the back of the skirt, having little or no bonffant drapery. The waist is a Louis XIV jacket, with deep Byron collar of black velvet, square cuffs, and pockets of the same, and also a deep vest of velvet. Tinted shell buttons trim the cuffs, pockets, and fasten the vest. The sidebodies of the basques are long, and the back quite short and laid in overlapping plaits.

Some of the newly imported hats and bonnets are very pretty, but have very little novelty in formr Most of the French hats have the flared fronts, or else deep revers. One of black velvet, was hood shaped in the back, with a full pleated soft crown, under which were placed, just at the back, two loops and ends of black gros grain ribbon. The front was singularly trimmed. A deep coronet or revers, at the bottom of which was a band of shaded green and blue feathers, at the left side of which was placed the bird's head. Above this band was a row of the tail and wing feathers, arranged in an upright line, much after the fashion of the Indian mode of head ornaments. Three upright loops of dark blue and black gros grain ribbon were placed behind this row of feathers. Strings of gros grain were loosely knotted below the chin.

A charming hat of light gray felt had a wide rim, bound with gray faille; a revers front. At the left side of the revers was placed a cluster of loops of gray faille, in the centre of which were some brightly tinted buds and leaves, from behind this cluster of loops sprung a wide, full ostrich plume of shaded gray; it was taken across the front, and passed around under the brim, falling at the right side. The outside of the hat had a scarf of gray faille carelessly twisted about it; at the right side near the front were a cluster of loops of gray faille, some buds similar to those inside the hat, and two gray ostrich tips, falling over to the left.

Another, of black straw, had a wide rim, turned up slightly at the left of the front. A cluster of brightly tinted pelargonium blossoms was placed there, and a band of velvet two inches wide was placed inside the rim, one inch from the edge. A long ostrich plume of black, a large, brightly tinted wing, and some loops of gros grain completed the trimming.

ODDS AND ENDS.

A new fancy in lace scarfs for the street is shown in black net, dotted with scarlet or blue chenille, and having chenille fringe upon the ends.

Hem-stitched handkerchiefs of sheer linen cambric have the stitching done in Turkey red or bright blue, and the necktie is wrought to match.

Neckerchiefs have white centres of silk and wool, and striped borders.

Velvet dog-collars have a deep cross pendant, or antique locket of red gold.

Long, closely-clinging polonaises are again fashionable. Many are buttoned at the left of the back.

In trimmings, galloons are shown, interwrought with gold, silver and steel threads.

China crepe neckties have very deep lace edges or guipure netting edges.

A new whim in fancy work is applique brightly tinted cloth upon Turkish toweling, combined with point Russe embroidery in silk twist. It is pretty.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

ANNIE K.—Wear kid gloves by all means with a silk suit. If you are obliged to be economical (and who is not now-a-days), buy the gants de Swede or undressed kid. They are equally stylish and suitable, and are nearly twice as long as the other kid.

KITTY M.—You seem in great perplexity, and we do not wonder, when you are offered the choice between a diamond ring or a handsome silk suit for a birthday present from mamma. We hardly know how to advise, for we confess to a weakness for both diamonds and silk, especially the former. If you have plenty of silk suits, choose the diamond ring, since it will outlast thousands of silks, and always be valuable.

MRS. L. C. N. (Wheeling, West Va.)—The plaided cloth you speak of will be very much worn for suits. Make a long apron overskirt and half tight-fitting basque for your daughter of fourteen. The Louis XVI basque is pretty, with a silk vest and sleeves to match the underskirt. She can wear her long hair in one thick braid, hanging, and tied with ribbon, or else in a braided coil, and with a jet or silver dagger stuck through it.

NINON.

THE REASON WHY.

BY F. S. MILLS.

I am lying awake to-night, love,
Awake in my lonely room,
Where is nought but the faint starlight, love,
To soften the midnight gloom.
I am closing my weary eyes, love,
But slumber will not come nigh,
And the sleep I am craving flies, love,
And my heart would fain know why.

Am I dreaming of days long dead, love,
When Nellie was true to me?
Am I thinking of hopes since fled, love,
Of a bliss that never can be?
Or the ache of a heart that's sad, love,
Is it this that chases sleep?
Or the fire of a brain near mad, love?
Is it this that burns so deep?

Nay, it is not the bliss I have lost, love,
Nor the joys that have taken flight,
Nor the bitter streams I have crossed, love,
That I am grieving over to-night.
I have played and lost my stake, love,
And my sorrow is not for those,
What is keeping me wide awake, love,
Is a lot of confounded musquitoes!

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH.

THE MURDER OF THE EMPEROR PAUL OF RUSSIA.

Of all the reigning families in Europe the Czars of Russia have had the most romantic and tragical history. Each of the successors of Peter the Great have had stalking by his side an invisible and terrible evil genius always threatening him, and often executing its threats in fearful fashion.

The story of the life and times of one of these sovereigns, Alexander I., contains a most painfully interesting and tragical incident, of the manner in which his father, the Emperor Paul, was assassinated. At the coronation of Alexander I. the murderers of his father walked before him; behind him stalked the assassins of his grandfather; at his side were men quite capable of becoming his own murderers. The Emperor Paul was the son of Catherine the Great, and had the misfortune to be disliked by this wicked Empress and unnatural mother. Like Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth, she disliked people who were weak and sickly. One, to gain her favor, had to be handsome, large and strong. Paul was an awkward and ugly man; he was of feeble health, and almost constantly unwell; he had boorish manners, and rather prided himself upon being "no gentleman." Catherine determined to have him set aside in favor of his eldest son Alexander. She doted upon him, calling him an "angel," while she hated his brother Constantine, and while she regarded with indifference their younger brother Nicholas. Catherine accordingly made a will, in which, exercising her right, she named Alexander as her successor. Duplicate copies of this instrument were made—one was deposited with the Senate and the other was given to the Archbishop of Moscow. But when Catherine was on her death-bed Paul managed to seize both of these copies, and he destroyed them. His mother expired and he ascended the throne. He was perhaps a little cracked—all the Czars have been more or less cracked. But he would have made a good ruler; he had the highest ideas of morality, and he was zealous in rooting out abuse. He was deeply religious, and he imagined that, as head of the Church as well as of the State, he was priest as well as Emperor. With this conviction in his mind he announced his determination to say mass, and the Archbishop of Moscow only prevented him from doing this by a lucky answer. "Your Majesty must remember," said he, "that you are not a priest." "Yes," said the Archbishop, "But a Greek priest may only marry once, and your Majesty has had two wives." "True," said the Czar, "I had quite forgotten that; no doubt you are quite right."

The nobles of his court soon became irritated by the watchful care which the Emperor Paul exercised over the details of his administration, and they resolved to remove him. They seem to have contemplated at first only a scheme to compel him to abdicate; and it is probable that had he submitted to be seized, they would have, for the time being at least, contented themselves with imprisoning him. But when the conspirators presented themselves before him he made a desperate resistance. An awful scene followed. The conspirators threw themselves upon him; he was knocked down; his right arm was broken; one of his eyes was torn from its socket; he was hacked with swords; one of the assassins placed his foot upon the prostrate Emperor's mouth to choke him. Paul bit the foot with his teeth, and the murderer leaped away with a scream of pain. "Gentlemen," said the poor Emperor, "have mercy upon me; give me one moment to commend my soul to God." The murderers were merciless; they threw a sash around him, and pulled it until he expired. Among the murderers were Phalen Benningsen, Tashwill, Roubof and Dr. Wylie, a Scotch surgeon, who was afterwards made a British baronet. Two other Scotch surgeons—Drs. Green and Guthrie—then employed at the Russian court, painted the face of the murdered Czar and arranged his body for lying in State, giving out that he had died of appoplexy. While his father was being murdered, Alexander was locked up in a room below, where he heard the blows and exclamations of the assassins. It is not certain that he knew his father was to be killed; but he did know that they intended to seize him and force him to abdicate. At all events, he ever afterwards regarded himself as guilty of his father's death, and a more unhappy sovereign never lived.

THE hard strata of circumstance through which one's life-rill must needs filter and force its way, may make it purer and clearer, just as all hard strata are filtering-stones of water.

THE ocean is the throbbing heart of the universe, and its every wave a mound over those who have no graves.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

The ancients apparently knew little of natural science. The Romans domesticated some animals, and acclimatized many more than we have yet done in our day; but the motive was not so much a love of knowledge as a desire of display. Rome, in her degenerate days, saw astounding collections of hippopotami, ostriches, and giraffes, hundreds of which were let loose into her gigantic arenas, with whole packs of lions and tigers; but the only object of these sanguinary shows was to gratify the brutal appetite for slaughter, shared alike by profligate emperors and a degraded people.

It was left, however, to our own age, and to an increased desire to know more of that vast realm over which dominion is given to man, to make practical efforts towards a closer observation of Nature. Botanical gardens were first established, and the science of botany was enriched with vast stores of knowledge, while the arts and the daily wants of our race received unexpected assistance from fresh discoveries. Then menageries, heretofore stationary and almost exclusively attached to the courts of great monarchs, became migratory, and enabled distant provinces and the poorest of the land to

MONKEY HOUSE, ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, PHILADELPHIA.

form an adequate idea of the marvels of the animal kingdom. The English soon took the lead in the new movement, as was naturally to be expected from their national love of field sports, their keen relish of rural life, and habits of careful observation. The beasts of the field and the fowls of the air became their favorite study; and intrepid travelers brought home invaluable treasures from polar regions and tropical zones. When the interest became more general and the Zoological Society could afford the outlay, the first zoological gardens were laid in the Regent's Park in 1808.

Of the zoological gardens in Europe that of Regent's Park deservedly ranks first, for the size—as well as the quality—of its collection, and the admirable system of its management. Scattered everywhere are its corresponding members, keeping it advised of every opportunity to augment its stores. Its agents have penetrated, and are still exploring, the desert and the jungle—braving the heat of the equator and the terrible winters of the ice-bound regions of the globe—to furnish every possible link in the grand procession of organized life.

The zoological garden of Paris ranks next to that of Regent's Park, London. It was only opened to the public in 1863. Here are to be seen a complete collection of animals from every clime, a magnificent aquarium, and an extensive silk-worm nursery. The institution, however, is not *self-supporting*, the government bearing a large portion of the expenses.

The Berlin garden is very complete; that at Vienna, splendid for appointments as well as for its fine collection, is rapidly becoming a rival to the London and Paris gardens.

The Zoological Society of Philadelphia has been in existence since 1859, but has only within a few years been in a position to carry its views into effect. The site chosen in 1859, in the East Park, was found much too small and inconvenient when the work was commenced, and a much more commodious and available piece of ground was selected in the West Park, matchless for the beauty of its position and its magnificent century-old trees. It is thirty-three acres in extent, with a fine river front, and in every way well calculated for the desired purpose, and has, indeed, proved an admirable location in every respect. On June 5th, 1873, a perpetual lease of the land was made to the Society by the Park Commissioners, and work was at once commenced. Fences, cages, and houses were erected, and in due time birds, beasts and reptiles began to arrive—mostly through donation—and, indeed, faster than the Society, with all its energy, could prepare for them. The collection of birds and animals is already large, and constantly increasing by the private agencies of the Society, donations, and contributions from officers and others in the army and naval service, made by permission of the Government of the United States. Though the managers were disinclined to opening until in a better condition to do so, yet the demand on the part of the public was so pressing that the event was allowed to take place July 1st, 1874, to the general satisfaction of a vast concourse of visitors, since which time the daily attendance has increased in number, while the interest for the welfare of so desirable an institution has in no way abated, but, on the contrary, much increased; and for the past year it may be safely said the visitors passing through the gates have averaged one thousand per day. And this, be it remembered, includes the winter months.

The improvements are of a very ornate, as well as durable character, and substantial buildings are being rapidly erected for the accommodation of the different animals. The cost of some of those already completed may be here mentioned, together with a list of others which are being erected, as it will give our readers a better conception of the thoroughness and the immensity of the gardens. Of those finished, the Monkey House cost $7,000; the Bear Pits, $5,000; the Bird House, $6,000; Eagle House, $6,200; Carnivora House, $50,000. The other buildings which are now finished and occupied are the Aviary, Prairie Dog Village, Deer Shelters, Buffalo House, Fox Pen, Raccoon Pen, etc. It is the design of the Society to make these gardens fully equal, if not to surpass, similar institutions in London, Paris or elsewhere.

WANTS TO KNOW.

A Terrible Problem.

A recent number of a scientific journal, speaking of the relative proportion of the sexes in the human race, says Max Adeler, declares that for every one hundred and fifty men that come into the world one hundred and seventy-two one hundredths are women born. I do not dispute these figures. I only ask for light. It appears, according to this, that there are some women who are only seventy-two one hundredths of women. What the remaining twenty-eight one hundredths are I cannot imagine. Now, what I want to know is this: If a woman of this kind marries a one hundred man, and has a daughter, will the daughter be an eighty-four hundredth woman or a ninety-six one hundredth woman. And what will be the exact relation between such a daughter and a seventy-six one hundredth aunt and her eighty-seventh one hundredth daughter, especially if the eighty-seventh one hundredth girls marry the brothers of the ninety-six one hundredth girl, and so become her ninety-eight one hundredth first cousin, and, also, her ninety-five one hundredth sister-in-law, the aforesaid seventy-six one hundredth aunt becoming also the eighty-nine one hundredth mother-in-law of the eighty-eighth one hundredth nephew, will the—the——, Let me see. Where am I? It is an awful subject to grapple with. Oh, yes! I say if the seventy-six one hundredth aunt——. But no. The question can't be solved in any such way as this. I give it up. The only way to get at it will be to do the sum in algebra somehow, making the daughter x, the aunt y, the first cousin a, and the mother-in-law b. Then, it seems to me, if you multiply the aunt by the daughter, and divide the first cousin by the mother-in-law, in some way or other, or else extract the square root of the cousin and subtract the result from the aunt, keeping the daughter as a common denominator, and at the same time make a decimal fraction of the mother-in-law, perhaps the result might be satisfactory. But I am not certain. I am poor in mathematics. I wish that Professor Tyndall would subject it to a chemical analysis.

THERE are many of the greatest deeds done in the small struggles of life.

"THE SOUTH."

Of the many handsome buildings to be erected upon the Centennial Grounds at Fairmount Park perhaps none will combine the qualities of utility and ornament to such an extent as the club house known as "The South." Many months ago Mr. Edward Mercer, a gentleman from Atlanta, Ga., was impressed with the idea that a building affording all the comforts of home in the Southern style would prove very acceptable to visitors from the South and Southwest. With him to think was to act. He at once laid his plans before the committee, and upon his representations, backed by strong recommendations from leading men of the South, the concession for its erection was cheerfully granted. Architects and draughtsmen were immediately set to work out the plans, and the result is the commodious and ornate structure we describe. The building will be erected on the northeast side of Belmont avenue (the main thoroughfare), midway between the structure of the United States Government and the Agricultural Building, and not very far from the Women's Pavilion. It will consist of a two-story building with towers, and will be about 140 feet in length by 96 feet in depth, making it a good size. The dining-room will accommodate five hundred guests, besides which there will be reading-rooms with the newspapers from all parts of the world on file, and offices of every description which would perhaps contain as many more visitors. There will be no sleeping-rooms, and a novel feature will be the entire absence of doors from the building allowing free access to the balmy air from the river Schuylkill, which meanders peacefully along nearly 125 feet below the plateau upon which the Centennial grounds are situated. Another striking novelty will be the presence of a band of old-time plantation "darkies," who will sing their quaint melodies and strum the banjo before the visitors from every clime. Imagine the phlegmatic German exhibitor with his "frau and kinder" gazing with astonishment at the pure and unadulterated "Essence of ole Virginny" expounded by a hand from the cotton field; or a solemn-visaged Turk receiving with ill-concealed horror a dusky son of Tophet "rattling of de bones." To a student of human nature it will be one of the most interesting sights in the whole exhibition.—*Daily Graphic, New York.*

HOW SHE WON AN EMPEROR.

The following is the romantic manner in which the Empress of Austria captured her Emperor:

The Empress is the youngest daughter of Duke Maximilian Joseph of Bavaria, and sister of the ex-Queen Sophia of Naples. Francis Joseph was to have been affianced to the Princess Sophia, to make acquaintance with whom he went to make a visit to his uncle's castle of Possenhoffen, where his four young lady cousins had been born and brought up. The Princess Elizabeth, then in her sixteenth year, and remarkably beautiful, was not to have been allowed to see the Emperor, both because on account of her youth (she was not supposed to be "out") and also because, being much handsomer than her sisters, the wily Duke desired to secure his imperial nephew for his eldest daughter before the former should have been allowed to catch sight of his youngest, as he felt very sure that the hand of such a beauty as she promised to be would be sought for far and wide when it should be in the matrimonial market. So the young lady was told that she was to stay with her governess, and not to presume to show herself in the drawing-room during the visit of the Austrian cousin. But being lively, spirited, and brimful of curiosity to see the youthful Emperor who had so suddenly succeeded to the troubled but brilliant crown of Austria, the Princess Elizabeth contrived to give her attendants the slip, and to hide herself in a corridor along which the imperial guest, who had arrived an hour before, and who was dressing for dinner in the rooms set apart for his reception, would have to pass in going to the banqueting-hall.

As the young sovereign passed along this corridor, the Princess, who was watching for him, sprang out of her hiding-place, laughing at the success of her manœuvre, and crying, gaily:

"Cousin Franz! Cousin Franz! I wanted to see you, and they wouldn't let me. So I hid myself here to see you go by."

It appears that Cupid's bow, so innocently shot off by the merry girl, who had no thought beyond the gratification of her curiosity to see the grand young cousin whose quality as Emperor had excited her imagination, went straight to the mark. The young Emperor fell over head and ears in love with the gay and beautiful vision that had presented itself so unaffectedly before him. What passed between the two young people has never transpired; but a few minutes later the imperial guest entered the drawing-room with his young cousin on his arm, and presented her to the amazed circle of relatives and courtiers who were awaiting his appearance, as "the Empress of Austria, my engaged wife."

The anger of the elder sisters is said to have been quite lively, as was, perhaps, quite natural under the circumstances. The young Princess dined that day in the banqueting-hall, seated beside the "Cousin Franz" so suddenly metamorphosed into her "imperial spouse;" and the Duke, though vexed for the disappointment of his eldest daughter, had at least the satisfaction of having this splendid match secured for his youngest. The marriage took place when the Princess had reached the mature age of sixteen, and all her husband's subjects were enchanted with her youthful beauty and her remarkable grace and kindness.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

PURE soda-water is a harmless beverage, being simply water charged with carbonic acid gas, which is quite wholesome in the stomach, though injurious in the lungs. The carbonic acid is obtained by the action of sulphuric acid on marble dust, which is carbonate of lime. It is the escape of the surplus gas which can not be retained by the water that makes the soda-water foam up in the glass. Pure flavorings are not deleterious, but many artificial substitutes are used of a highly questionable character.

WHAT IS A CAR-LOAD?—Nominally, a car-load is 20,000 pounds. It is also 70 barrels of salt, 70 of lime, 90 of flour, 60 of whisky, 200 sacks of flour, 6 cords of soft wood, 18 to 20 head of cattle, 50 to 60 head of hogs, 80 to 100 head of sheep, 9,000 feet of solid boards, 17,000 feet of sliding, 18,000 feet of flooring, 40,000 shingles, one-half less of hard lumber, one-fourth less of green lumber, one-tenth of joists, scantling and all other timbers; 340 bushels of wheat, 400 of corn, 680 of oats, 400 of barley, 360 of flax-seed, 360 of apples, 430 of Irish potatoes, 360 of sweet potatoes, 1,000 bushels of bran.

DINGLER'S POLYTECHNIC JOURNAL contains an account of researches made by Dr. Otto Krause, of Annaberg, on tobacco-smoke, which he finds contains constantly a considerable quantity of carbonic oxide. The after effects of smoking are said to be principally caused by this poisonous gas, as the smoker never can prevent a part of the smoke from descending to the lungs, and thus the poisoning is unavoidable. The author is of opinion that the after-effects are all the more energetic, the more inexperienced the smoker is, and he thus explains the unpleasant results of the first attempts at smoking, which are generally ascribed to nicotine alone.

THE Acclimatisation Gardens in the Bois de Boulogne, Paris, have received a rare collection of artificially colored plants from China. The plants are exhibited in the great glass house of the gardens, and excite universal admiration. Among the collection is a dwarf tree of half a metre in height, the trunk of which is as thick as a finger, and the root of which hardly fills the hollow of a man's hand; the specimen is about one hundred years old, and it is a species of oak. This, however, is not a natural phenomenon, but the result of Chinese horticulture, which finds its highest problem in the reduction of the natural size of plants.

THE precise date at which the American turkey was introduced (probably from Mexico) into Europe has always been a matter of some uncertainty, its arrival in France having been ascribed to the action of the Jesuits. It formed a conspicuous part in the nuptial feast of Charles IX, in 1570. A much earlier mention of this bird has, however, been found in a manuscript recently printed in France, where in Gouberville's diary, under date of December 27th, 1555, he speaks of having brought to him an Indian cock and hen. Probably that bird must have been known for some time, from this casual mention, as the same journal contains notices in detail of new forms of animal and vegetable life which had attracted attention.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DECLINED WITH THANKS.—Ella's Choice. Won by Courage. Who was She? Thorney Court. Money vs. Love. Only an Artist. Visitings. "'Tis sad to watch the Fall." A Time for All Things. A Life for an Eye. Geographical Enigma.

A. B. C.—We have never seen any work on Etiquette which enters on such very minute details as those you mention, and which must be left to a person's own discretion and good sense, more or less.

A PARENT.—With reference to what we said last week about the school ship St. Mary's at New York, we have ascertained upon making inquiry that they only take boys from the State of New York, and that boys from other States or cities are not eligible for scholarships.

C. H. T.—Such comparisons can never be settled. They are merely exercise for ingenuity, or subjects for debating societies, but after the arguments are over, the question remains as it ever was—unsettled. No man can say whether Napoleon, Wellington, Grant, or any others be the greatest general or hero. A Frenchman, an Englishman and an American would differ upon this question forever.

LIZZIE.—When a gentleman accompanies a lady to her home in the evening, she should, of course, thank him for his kindness, and, if the hour is not too late, she may ask him to walk in if she is anxious to do so. 2. "Mon Dieu" is "My God!" in French; "recherche" means select, scarce; "Cara mia" is Spanish, and means my dear. 3. We do not believe in any one being able to judge of a person's character or disposition by their penmanship.

W. N. D.—We believe that there is only one standard for all liquid measures in the United States, and that by it there are (or ought to be) 231.184 cubic inches in one gallon. 2. One rule for finding the contents of casks is as follows: Add together the squares of the bung and head diameter and the square of double the diameter, taken in the middle between the bung and the head; multiply the sum by the length of cask, and the product by .1309. You will find other rules in any book treating of Mensuration of Superficies and Solids under the head of Gunging of Casks.

J. A. SOUDER.—The only way of getting appointed to the Military Academy at West Point is to be nominated by the member of Congress from your district. On a vacancy occurring, each member of Congress and delegate nominate not less than five persons, actual residents in his district, and from these one is selected, according to his merits, by the Secretary of War. Candidates must be between seventeen and twenty-two years of age, and well versed in reading, writing and arithmetic, English grammer, descriptive geography—particularly of our own country—and the history of the United States.

W. TAYLOR.—A man who intends to shoot another man, but is prevented, is a murderer in so far as the law of God or the conscience is concerned; but the law of society takes cognizance of actions only, not of secret thoughts and intentions. If the intention has led the man to take an aim, or draw a trigger, then the law of man takes cognisance of that action with intent to murder; but it has nothing to do with an abstract thought. This as we said before, is amenable only to the tribunal of God and the conscience. We hope this answers all the points on which you say you have been having such a warm argument.

ELLIE G. T.—It is the gentleman's place to request an exchange of photographs. 2. It is proper and polite for a lady to ask a gentleman to call on her, if she is desirous of continuing his acquaintance; it is well enough to ask him to call again though not considered necessary. 3. Mention the lady's name first. 4. Yes, say something to express the pleasure you have enjoyed. 5. In regard to accepting presents from gentlemen, much depends on circumstances, but it is not desirable for a young lady to accept valuable presents from a mere acquaintance. 6. A queer question to ask—of course if you accepted any present from a gentleman, the least you could do would be to say "thank you."

F. C. G.—Yes; we were quite correct in what we said, and which seems to have surprised you: in winter we are nearest the sun, and in summer farthest from it. The difference in the seasons is not occasioned, as you suppose, by the greater or less distance of the earth from the sun, but by the more or less oblique direction of the sun's rays. The length of the path traveled over by the earth is estimated at 567,019,740 miles, and as this immense distance is passed over in one year, the earth must move seventeen miles a second—a rapidity so far exceeding our conceptions, that it gave very just occasion to a remark we once read, that while a man is saluting a lady on the street, he goes many miles bareheaded without catching cold.

CHARLES G.—We have repeatedly stated that after a gentleman has made the acquaintance of a lady, or been introduced to her, no matter where or under what circumstances, the rule is that he is to wait for her to recognise him on meeting her in the street. The rules of etiquette are not applied with equal strictness, however, in all localities. In the country, or in small towns and villages, where everybody knows everybody else, the rules of etiquette are often considerably relaxed. No general limit can be laid down as to these relaxations of the rule; each person must be his or her own judge in each case as it arises. But in etiquette, as in morals, it is safe always to give the rule the benefit of all doubts, and never do anything concerning the propriety of which you have any question.

S. A. B.—"What is a boomerang, and how is it worked? I have been reading a work lately about New South Wales, and see that it is some kind of an instrument used by the natives there, but no description of it was given." A boomerang consists of a piece of hard wood of a bent form, with the curve of a parabola. It is about 2 feet long, 2½ inches broad, ¼ inch thick, and is rounded at the extremities; one side is flat, the other convex, and is brought to a blunish edge. It is discharged by the hand by one end, the convex edge being forward and the flat side upward, and it is thrown as if to hit an object in advance. Instead, however, of going forward it ascends into the air with a rapid rotatory motion until it reaches a considerable height, when it begins to retrograde, and finally passes over the head of the projector, and falls to the ground behind him. This singular motion is produced by the air impinging on the bulged side of the instrument.

ENQUIRER.—"Can you tell me what is the real truth about the announcements we see every now and then of supposed human foot-prints being discovered in the solid rock? I saw an account just the other day of some having been found on the banks of the Harpeth river, in Tennessee." There can be no doubt whatever of the artificial origin of all these marks, the similitude of the human foot being a favorite form of picture-writing among the aborigines. There are several well-executed specimens in the National Museum at Washington, and others are to be found elsewhere. They are usually executed in limestone, slate, or sandstone, and are of very rude workmanship, notwithstanding all statements to the contrary which are generally made. Upon a close examination these marks will be found cut through the lamination of the rock, instead of indenting it, as would be the case if produced by a naked foot traversing a surface in a plastic condition.

A READER OF THE POST says that he forgets what he reads, and wants us to tell him why it is so, and how he can best improve his memory. That is very likely. The reason is that he does not read with proper attention nor repeat often enough. We can only give him a few valuable hints for his future guidance. The cardinal rule to be observed is that we must concentrate our minds on what we read if we would understand it. We must go over it again and again if we would remember it; and if we would digest it, so that it may nourish and invigorate our minds, we must exercise ourselves upon it by frequent and earnest reflection. In reading descriptive works, such as voyages and travels, we should try to reproduce in our minds the scenes described, and call in the aid of maps and drawings to assist our conceptions. In reading history, biography, and other narrative books, we should endeavor, after closing the book, to restate, mentally to ourselves, or orally to a friend, the substance of the narrative. In the case of books of a philosophic or argumentative character, we should often pause in the course of reading to ask ourselves what is the drift of the writer, and to estimate the soundness and force of his reasoning. The practice of reproducing the substance of what we read in our own words is quite invaluable as a help to profitable reading, for we thereby, not only improve our power of expression, but ensure a clearer comprehension of the subject, and are better able to retain it in the memory.

MISCELLANEOUS.—LUCY M.—Learn all particulars first. Don't be too hasty, for appearances are often deceitful, and rumors fallacious. G. M. F.—Rather delicate a matter for us to discuss. We should say "No," however, to one half the questions. DORA.—Go, by all means. You have nothing whatever to be ashamed of. He has more reason to blush than you have. H. G. F.—If you believe her, we don't; we are sure from what you say that she has a decided preference for that "other fellow." JENNY.—Your father will not attempt to force you to marry that young man if you do not want to do so, and even if he would he could not compel you. S. J. M.—It was a decidedly improper way to make a young gentleman's acquaintance, and we are surprised at your asking us such a question. J. H.—We cannot undertake to settle a conjugal *fracas*. This must be done by the parties themselves.

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*